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"CORSLO" SILHOUETTE (as sketch), bust bodice, hip belt, Jupon and Pantalon combined, top part of best quality double satin, buttoned at the back, and boned with two steels in front to support the figure, the two pairs of suspenders attached to the garment are hidden by the knickers; the skirt of heavy laundry pleated crepe de Chine. Measurements required when ordering: bust, waist and hips.

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Do. Do. in satin or silk tricot 9 Gns.

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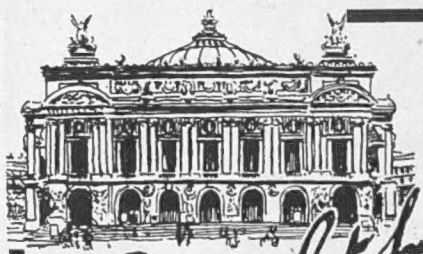

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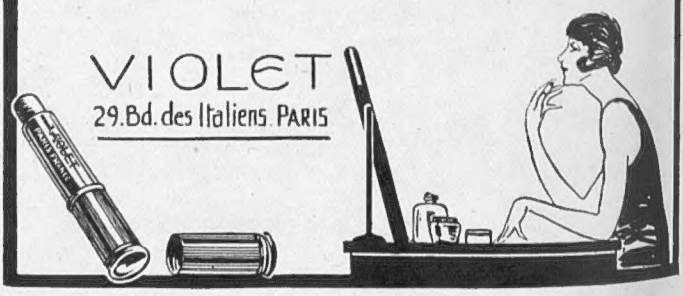

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Home Beauty-Culture. What is the secret of beauty-culture? What principle underlies the processes by which sallowness of the skin, wrinkles, roughness, redness and other blemishes are made to yield and give place to an entrancing smoothness and clearness of complexion? Apart from the use of ingenious appliances such as masks, straps, and rollers, beauty-culture methods can be summed up in four words: *Skin Cleansing and Massage.* These two processes form the very basis of beauty-culture and are now the daily practice of the majority of women who take an interest in the preservation of their good looks. It is no exaggeration to say that the entrancing smoothness of the skin and delicate evenness of colour possessed by most society beauties are the outcome of these two methods.

Without a Clear Complexion No Woman can be Beautiful. Let us look, then, at these two processes and see what is the scientific cause of their astonishing success. In the first place it is gratifying to learn that the two processes resolve themselves into one, for the same massage movements apply to both, and the same preparation—*Pond's Cold Cream*—is both a *skin-cleanser* and a *massage-lubricant.*

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Skin-Cleansing. A skin cleansed only with soap and water may be—in fact generally is—in a truly dirty condition. A Turkish bath will readily prove this, or even a close inspection of the pores, many of which are clogged with greasy matter. This condition, whether in a noticeably advanced or early stage, means impoverished subcutaneous circulation and pore-action, and its worst effects are always to be seen where there is the slightest looseness of skin. From this it is but a short remove to the formation of wrinkles.

Stimulate Pore-Activity. Soap, containing an alkali—usually soda—as a necessary ingredient for lathering, is actually a deterrent of pore activity, for the function of the pores is like that of a valve, which needs *oil* in order to work smoothly. The pores themselves, when healthy, secrete a certain amount of oil, and *this must be augmented* if normal conditions are to be restored. And this is where the greatest care should be exercised.

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Massage the Skin Nightly. At night, before retiring, massage *Pond's Cold Cream* into the skin of the face and neck. Rub well into the skin with the tips of the fingers, using a circular motion. Then wipe off the cream with a soft towel and notice the dirt that comes away. Repeat the massage and this time wipe off very carefully only the surface cream, leaving the pores well lubricated all through the night.

The Effects after a Fortnight. The continuance of this practice for a fortnight will result in a very gratifying clearness of the skin, a delightful evenness of colour, the absence of all roughness, and the distinct reduction of any line-forming tendency—in short, renewed complexion charm.

A Further Useful Hint. A few words must be devoted to the day-time care of the skin. There are many occasions on which the skin needs freshening-up, and others when it requires protection against dust, dirt, sun and wind, all of which are apt to mar complexion-charm. For these purposes apply a little *Pond's Vanishing Cream without massage.* The skin will instantly feel and appear refreshed, for the Cream vanishes instantly and leaves only a faint "bloom" and a trace of delicious Jacqueminot Rose perfume.

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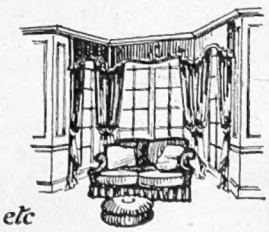

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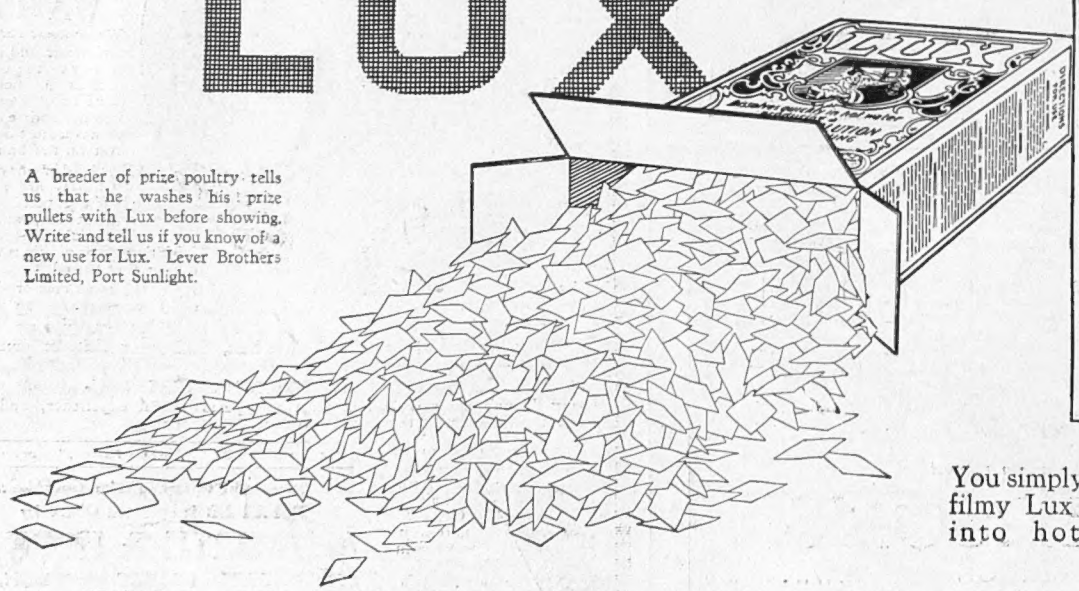

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What would you give to be slender?
Would you give seven and sixpence for a course of 12 luxurious lavender-perfumed violet baths?

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"Cyclax" Violet Ray Bath Salts were produced by Mrs. Hemming, the world-famous skin consultant.

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The Bystander, July 23, 1924 No. 1077. Vol. LXXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

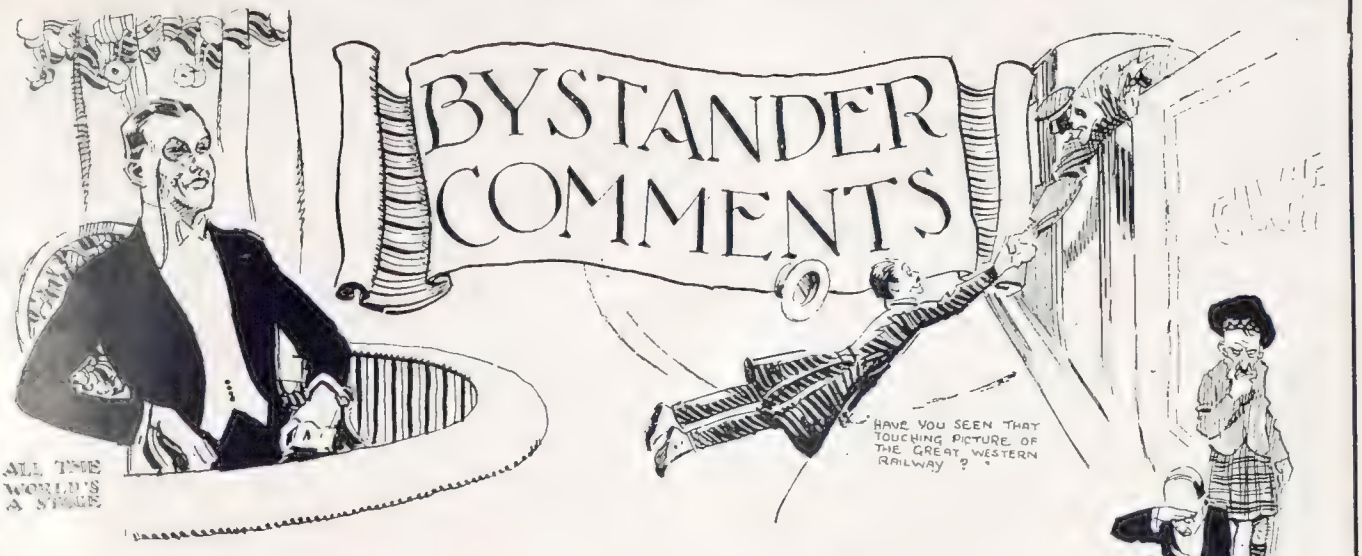
Photograph *Lafayette*

LADY HELEN MURRAY

The wife of Lieut.-Col. John Murray, D.S.O., of the Scottish Horse. Lady Helen Murray is the youngest daughter of the first Lord Brassey

From the etching by Jean Hardy

LA NUIT



A Touching Picture

HAVE you seen that touching picture of the Great Western Railway, in which a passenger is seen thanking the engine-driver for making a record run from London to Birmingham. Just at first I thought the driver was receiving a gratuity. "Ha! Ha!" said I to myself. "Here is a great and wealthy organisation encouraging the public to pay the wages of its employees. This is the thin end of the wedge—an insidious innovation that must be discouraged at all costs." But a closer inspection showed me that the engine-driver was not receiving a tip, but merely a warm hand-shake from the delighted passenger, and so I was able to breathe again.

What I Have Wondered

DON'T imagine, however, that I grudge the engine-driver the gratuity he didn't get. I have often wondered why the wrong people get the tips in this world. Why is it that I pay the youth who hands me my food, while the *chef* in the hot kitchen goes unrewarded? Surely the man on the engine who brings me from Scotland on a wild night is more deserving than the porter who handles my luggage at King's Cross, or the taxi-driver who runs me out to Kensington? Possibly there is a sufficiently good reason for this seeming injustice, but, if there is, I haven't discovered it.

The Beauties of Bramshot

ISN'T it time that an enterprising poet was sent on tour of our golf courses to do justice to their unrivalled beauties? Having a knock round Bramshot the other day, I was quite put off my game by the scent of the pines, the glorious colours of the heather, and the wide horizons that invited my attention when I should, by rights, have been keeping my eye on the ball. Goodness knows, this keeping of the eye on the ball is a difficult enough operation at the best of times, but the beauties of Bramshot make it almost impossible. And what you can find in Hampshire, you can meet with in almost any English county, so let that poet be unleashed without delay.

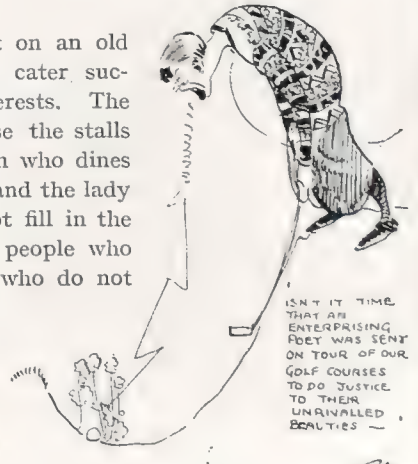
A Seven o'Clock Start

I WONDER if many theatrical managers noted a letter that appeared in one of the daily papers from a gentleman who sought to explain the slump in things theatrical. He made the very plausible remark that plays should commence at seven o'clock, in order that people who lived in the suburbs should not have to hang about for a couple of hours or more after leaving their work. Most managers I know try to commence at as late an hour as possible, and the eight-thirty opening is now a nearly normal thing, while the Little Theatre starts at nine, and is proud of it. Under these circumstances the suggestion to start at seven comes as a bit of a shock.

An Old Problem

THE incident sheds new light on an old theatrical problem—how to cater successfully for so many varying interests. The same entertainment has to please the stalls and the gallery. The gentleman who dines late finds eight o'clock too early, and the lady who takes a high tea at six cannot fill in the time until then. Add to this the people who can't abide comic stuff or those who do not

(Continued on page 203)



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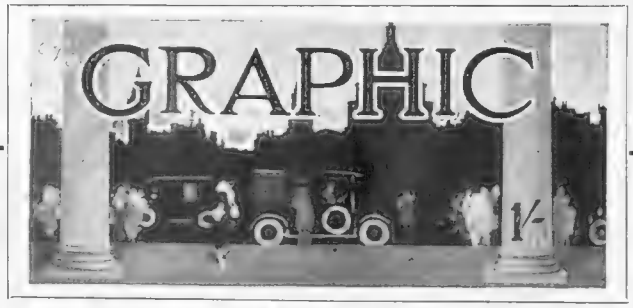

JULY 26, 1924

BRITAIN'S NAVAL MIGHT:
THE REVIEW BY THE KING AT SPITHEAD

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respond to romance, and you will realise that the lot of the manager is nearly as unhappy as that of the policeman who manœuvres the traffic in Piccadilly, and directs country cousins to Wembley in his spare time.

Tarnished Towns

RATHER rough on Byfleet, this notoriety that has been thrust upon it. Travelling on the Southern Railway recently, the name caught my eye and left me thinking of crime and passion to the exclusion of all other ideas. Yet, a few weeks ago, Byfleet was a name to conjure with—a name to rank with Sunbury and Shepperton, or Abingdon and Wallingford. Looking from my carriage window, I should have dreamed deliciously of shady backwaters and sunny reaches, whereas, now, Byfleet is merely the setting of a crime, and a rather sordid crime at that. The same thing happened to Babbacombe and other beauty spots that have now become tarnished towns for all time.

Lessons in English

WE hear a lot of arguments for and against broadcasting, but I haven't seen it suggested that the talk of the common people will benefit by the introduction of the Oxford accent into humble homes.

Take that very interesting ten minutes when the news of the day is wirelessed to a waiting world. It is one thing to read of an earthquake in Japan or a landslide in Lapland, and quite another to hear the event described with all sorts of difficult names correctly pronounced. I should love to see Uncle Caractacus mugging up some of the tongue-twisters, very much as the new curate mugs up the second lesson for the day.

My New Bag

I HAVE just bought the new bag that will take me away on my holidays. It is no ordinary bag. It is, indeed, a beautiful bag—not too large to be carried during a strike of railway porters, and yet large enough to carry all the gadgets that go to the making of a perfect week-end. And how strong it is! An elephant could stand on my bag without damaging it to any extent. It is, indeed, a bag among bags. Yet there is a fly in the amber of my perfect content. I look at my new bag, and I am troubled. I can't make up my mind whether to retain it in its virgin state or to have railway labels stuck all over it.

There is the Danger

IT was Max Beerbohm, or Hilaire Belloc or some other jolly fellow who wrote an essay on his bag. It carried the most perfect collection of labels that had ever happened, and one day a too efficient menial scraped and washed them all away. There, you see, is the danger. Suppose I take my bag with me to all the jolly places I intend to visit during the next six months, and suppose my bag becomes a record of my many wanderings—Étretat, Rouen, Caudebec, Avignon, Marseilles, Toulon, St. Raphael, Monte Carlo! There is always the danger that some thrice-accursed fool may rob me of my trophies, even as that well-meaning imbecile robbed Max Beerbohm, or Hilaire Belloc or the other jolly fellow whose name, for the moment, escapes me.

Unsullied and Unsoiled

I MENTIONED my dilemma to a man I met in the train—the owner of a wonderful bag covered with wonderful labels—but he laughed away my fears. "My dear fellow," he cried, "you simply go to Cook's, and they give you all the labels you want. Look at my little bunch. I've got a duplicate set, and if anything happens to them, I shove on a second lot." I turned from the fellow in disgust. I could have struck him. It was difficult to believe that a soul so mean should be permitted to survive. To think that after years of splendid endeavour spent in a pilgrimage round the famous places of the earth, my bag might still be inferior to his bag. The thought was intolerable, and, in that solemn moment, I decided that my bag should remain, as it is to-day, unsullied and unsoiled.

THE "LOSSIE LOON"—AS "LAOCOON"

Must We Be Mean?

I AM not one of those who throw verbal bricks through the windows of the Lucullus Restaurant at Wembley. The idea appeals to me immensely. There is something rather splendid about the man or the institution that stands four-square to the gusts of criticism and says: "That is my price, and if you don't like it you can lump it!" We are so constantly trimming our sails to every wind that blows; knocking off the odd farthing and laying mean little financial traps to catch the minor coins of the credulous, that this emphasis on the super-charge comes in the nature of a relief. If there are people who like to pay as much as they can for a plate of soup or a cup of tea, why should they be robbed of the privilege? Must we be mean?

"THE HOUSE" AT PLAY

Lady Henry, with some of her guests at Parkwood, her house at Henley, where a cricket match was played between Members and the Staff of the House of Commons, an annual fixture established by the late Sir Charles Henry. Among the seated figures are: Mrs. Clynes (third from left), Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mrs. Henderson, the Prime Minister, Lady Henry, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mrs. Snowden, Mr. Tom Griffiths and Mr. Ian Macpherson

Photograph *Central Press*

AN INFORMAL INSPECTION

During a recent visit to Wembley the Prince of Wales visited the Jamaican section where he inspected the native bandsmen. With him are the Hon. Horace V. Myers, M.B.E., a High Commissioner for Jamaica, and Mrs. Myers

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Holiday Ground for Queens

THERE has been much family entertaining for the Queen of Spain who, following the example of her cousin, the Queen of Roumania, has been having a thoroughly enjoyable time. The King and Queen gave a dinner-party at Buckingham Palace, Princess Beatrice one at Kensington and Lady Zia Wernher another at The Someries in Regent's Park in honour of the Majesty of Spain.

No capital in Europe—even before Courts and Kings vanished from so many of them—provides such a holiday ground for Royal folk as London. It gives them just as much privacy as they desire or as much publicity as they wish to make. And then there are the delights of shopping which etiquette forbids to some sovereigns in their own capitals.

Holiday-making sovereigns also benefit by the custom of our own sovereigns dining with subjects—a custom unknown in some countries. The Queen of Spain has been to several dinner parties given by her old friends.

And then there is Wembley. The Royal Family are amongst its steadiest supporters. The Prince of Wales has confessed to seven visits, and one night last week I saw Prince Henry thoroughly enjoying himself at the little side-shows where you throw things at mugs, cups, plates and saucers—just as if you were devastating the kitchen dresser—and get a prize if you break enough.

The Queen and the American Lady

ONE night last week I took down to dinner a delightful American woman. It was her first visit to England, and she broke the conversational ice into fragments, even before she took up her soup spoon, by saying,

"You're too old to be stiff, and you're not young enough to be shy, so just you tell me right away the natural history of all these people. I come from Detroit, and amongst all you folk I'm a hayseed!"

Anything less like a "hayseed" you couldn't imagine. Smart, trim, every hair in place, vivid, perhaps a shade too well-dressed, but eager and intelligent to the finger-tips, the lady from Detroit commanded and I obeyed.

When I had finished my little *Who's Who*, I turned the tables deliberately. I said, "I'm going to ask you a question that is asked of every English person

visiting America, 'What has impressed you most in this country?'"

Without a pause she answered, "The personality of your Queen. If you had never seen her pictures, never even heard of her, and you saw her in a room amongst a lot of other people you would know at once she was a Queen. I've seen her at a Court, at a Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, at the theatre, and at that wonderful reception in Westminster Hall. Your Queen makes us American women realise what the 'monarchical system' stands for in a way we've never learnt from books and lectures, and in a way, too, a man can't understand."

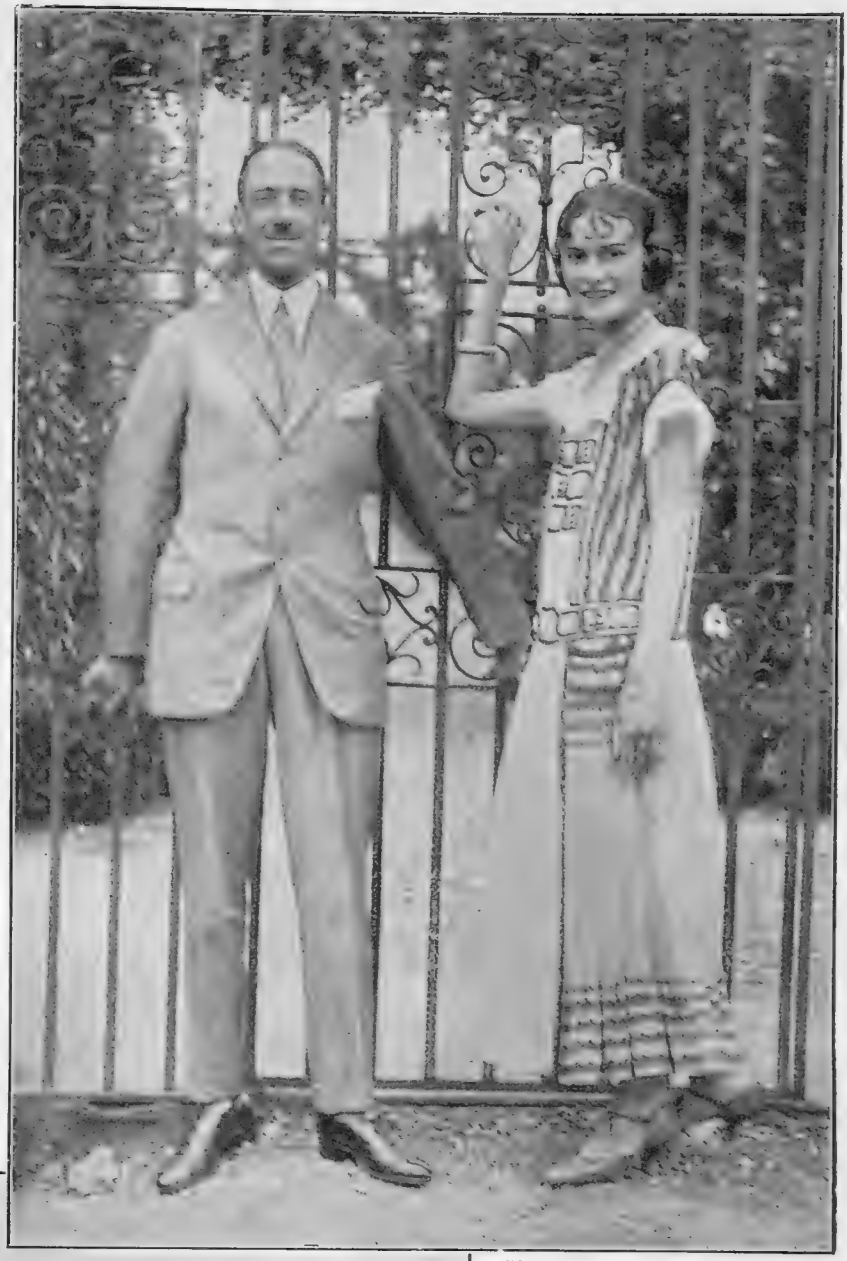
On the Carpet

It is not generally known that social offenders in high places receive admonition from the most august quarter. But they do. The admonition takes a variety of forms. It may be given to a relative with the expressed wish that it should be repeated. The form depends entirely on the circumstances, but there has been nothing so drastic during the present reign as one once given by King Edward.

A Duchess gave a series of evening parties. At one of these, to the amazement of all the other guests, was a lovely *prima donna* from the Opera who had openly and publicly painted her past with big red splashes in Italy, Paris, New York, and London, both before and after she had gone on the opera stage. It wasn't a case of suspicion, unkind deductions, or gossip. To put it frankly, the singer had been openly and avowedly *une femme galante*.

All the world knew it, so you will realise the gasp of amazement that came from even the worldliest of men when they saw her enthroned upon a ducal sofa. As for the women, their faces were rather like the historic phrase, "I and my daughter will leave the house." Some of them actually did.

The next morning King Edward sent one of his gentlemen to the Duchess. Nobody ever knew the exact nature of the message he brought, but there was little difficulty in guessing because the Duchess was in floods of tears after the gentleman left, took to her bed for two days, and cancelled every engagement for the rest of the season at which she would have met his late Majesty or Queen Alexandra. Obviously, she had obeyed a Royal command. She was never restored to the Royal favour—and that makes a big difference even to Duchesses.



Photograph *Personality Photo Press*

A RECENT ENGAGEMENT

The Earl of Galloway photographed with his fiancée, Miss Philippa Wendell, at her mother's house at St. Albans. Lord Galloway, who served in the Scots Guards, was taken prisoner in the early stages of the war

Housekeeping Royal

One of our Royal Princesses has reduced housekeeping to a fine art. She has a book exactly like a magnified cheque book, but with each page divided into three. The order for, say, the grocer is written on each division, with the date. One division remains in the book like the counterfoil of a cheque, the other two are given to the housekeeper, who keeps one and sends the other to the tradesman. This last has to be returned by the tradesman with the goods ordered. Unless he does so, the goods are not taken in.

Photograph *Speaight*

MISS ALWYN PRATT

Only daughter of Colonel Spencer Pratt, C.B., and Mrs. Pratt, of Broom Hall, Kent, who is to marry Capt. Weldon Champneys. Capt. Champneys, who served in the Grenadier Guards, is the son of Sir Francis Champneys, Bart.

Every Saturday morning the housekeeper takes the divisions she has kept and those returned by the tradespeople to the Comptroller of the Household, who checks them by the orders remaining in the book. I doubt whether servants and tradespeople would take the trouble for lesser folk, but the Royal lady devised the plan herself, as she discovered that some housekeepers and some tradespeople regard a Royal household as fair game for cheating. Her plan is an automatic check on everything that comes into the house.

There was a great how d'ye do in a ducal establishment once, over a discovery which cost the ducal purse a goodly sum of money. During a heavy week of entertaining in the season an order was given to a poulterer to send two large Surrey fowls every day. By some oversight—either careless or intentional—the order was not withdrawn, and for nearly a year two large Surrey fowls were delivered daily at the ducal mansion, even when its shutters were up and its blinds down, to the profit of three of the upper servants who divided the sale of the fowls between them.

Photograph *Central News*

AT PERTH

Lord and Lady Leven at the annual Highland Show recently held at Perth. The Show was well attended and a large number of entries was received

Royal Sales

THE last sale of Royal belongings before that of the Princess Royal of which I told you something last week, was after the death of the Duke of Cambridge. It took place at Cambridge House in Piccadilly—a site now covered by mammoth flats. A curious incident happened at that sale.

A member of the Royal Family wished to buy two china bowls with finely decorated covers—*soupières en famille verte* was the correct description. The reason was sentimental. From the time when he was a little boy this relative of the old Duke had known these two bowls. They stood on a console in the Duke's study He had always admired them and wished to have them as a remembrance.

But when the Royal would-be purchaser went over the house at the private view before the sale, he found that the two *soupières* lacked their covers. Without the covers they were valueless, so no bid was made by his agent.

A week or two later, in passing a famous old china shop in the West End, the Royal personage saw the two *soupières* with covers complete in the window! He recognised them immediately. The price asked was grotesque — because they had come from the Duke of Cambridge's sale.

How could the *soupières* be sold at the auction without their covers and yet appear in the china shop complete as they had stood in the Duke's study? you will ask. Quite simple. An ugly little story of a servant stealing the covers before the sale, a dealer buying the coverless *soupières* for a song, a big reward for the dishonest servant when he handed over the covers, and pounds and pounds galore for the dealer who stage-managed the affair. The shop where they were exposed for sale had nothing to do with the trick.

Photograph

OPENING

The Prince of Wales addressing the meeting at the opening of the Brit... great success, was held in the...

Photograph *Central News*

THE WEARIN' O' THE—KILT

Lord Airlie (left) with his brother, Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, in Highland kit at the recent Show at Perth. Captain Ogilvy was appointed an Equerry-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales in 1921

Is Divorce Bred in the Bone?

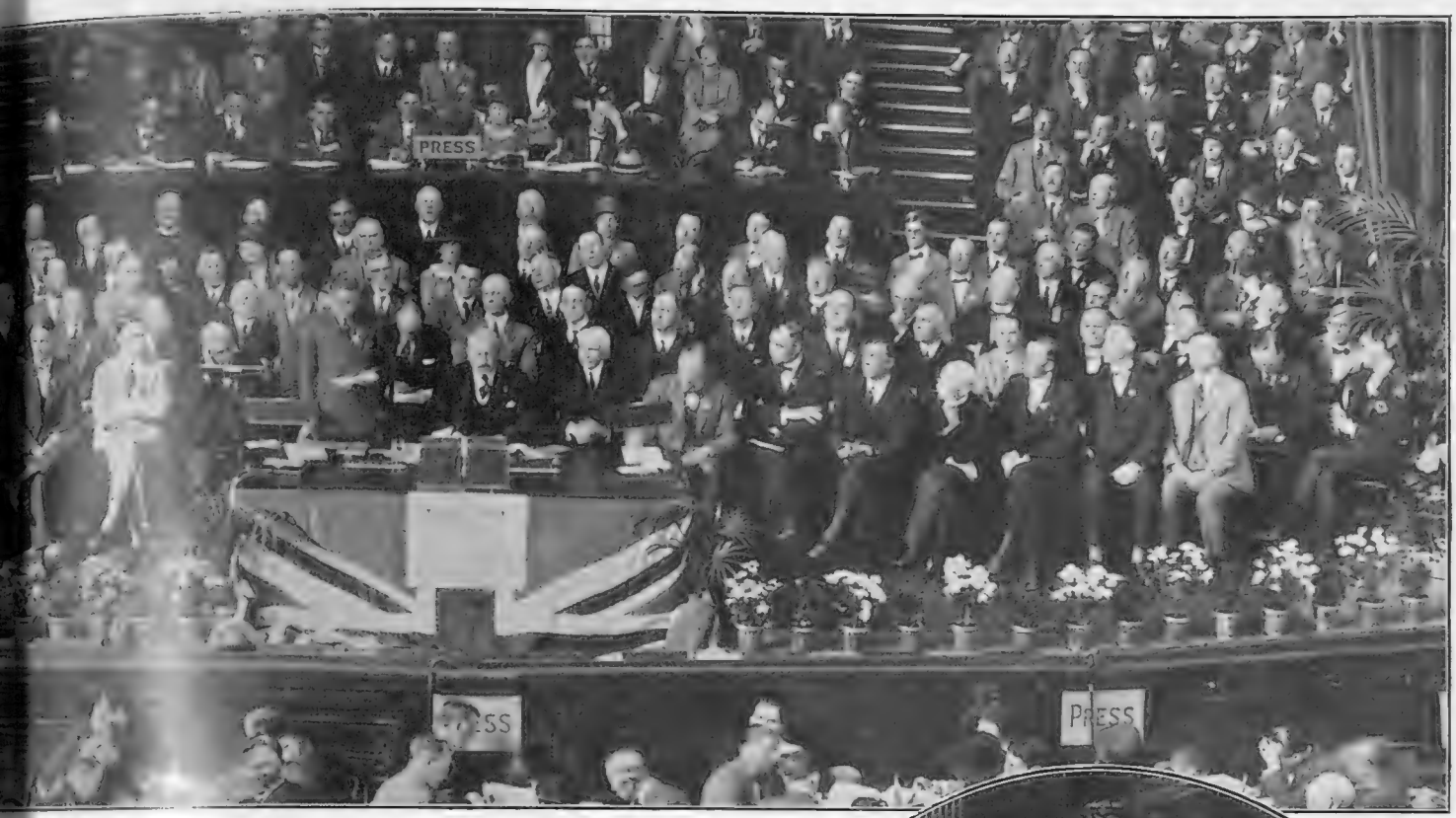
THIS question occurs to me because I have seen a notice in a newspaper that a lady married to a scion of a noble house is suing for a divorce. If the action goes into court it will be the seventh divorce case in that family in one generation. And each divorce against the husband! That's odd, isn't it?

There is likewise a legal separation to be added, so that is eight couples coming to grief in the Matrimonial Stakes in the same family, and actually in less than the thirty years which constitute a generation. And always the men!

Here's a pretty bone for your psycho-analysts! Eight men in one family in under thirty years, grandfather, father, sons, uncles, nephews, being divorced by their wives!

A Correction

PRINTERS are the most wonderful people I know. They read my handwriting every week with never a mistake! But last week they made a *gaffe*. I don't think it was the printers' fault really. Nowadays they have to twiggle at a machine which puts whole lines into type at a time—a wonderful invention. But sometimes a word or even a whole line gets into the wrong place. And because of this weakness of even the most perfect machinery your Bystander was made to say the oddest thing



Sport and General

CONVENTION AT WEMBLEY

Session of the International Advertising Convention. The meeting, which proved a Conference Hall of the British Empire Exhibition

He wrote of the Duchess of Rutland's pencil drawings at the Basil Dighton Galleries: "The Duchess of Rutland has a happiness in catching both character and likeness which a great many professional portrait-painters should envy."

It appeared. The Duchess of Rutland has a happiness in both character and likeness which a great many catching professional portrait-painters should envy. A "catching professional portrait-painter" doesn't sound pretty, does it? Words, like humans, make slips sometimes, and the word "catching" took a header and landed two lines below where it ought to have appeared. Far be it from me to call any professional portrait-painter "catching." The word looks rude and grabsome, so I plunge into this explanation.

My Lady's Wit

THE wittiest woman in London met a friend in the Park. The friend was accompanied by her small girl and a nurse, a woman of surpassing ugliness.

"Your nurse is hideous," said the witty lady. "Just like a fish."

The friend was rather indignant. "She can't help her looks, poor soul!" she said.

"I'm sure—a good *sole!*" was the instant answer.

There's only one woman in London who could have said this. My Lady Tree—and it was.

Photograph AT THE SAVOY [*G.P.U.*

Sir William Berry, Bart. (left), Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Stevenson, at the banquet given at the Savoy in honour of the Advertising Convention. After the banquet, Mr. Winston Churchill made one of his characteristically witty speeches, crossing friendly swords with Mr. J. R. Clynes

Photograph ENTERTAINING THE DELEGATES [*G.P.U.*

The recent Advertising Convention called forth a large number of social functions in honour of its four thousand delegates. In the above photograph, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin are seen in their box at the Albert Hall, where a reception and ball were held. With them are: the Lord Mayor (next to Mr. Baldwin), Lady Burnham, Lord Burnham and Lord Riddell

A New Scottish Landowner

ALMINA Countess of Carnarvon has just become a Scottish landowner, having bought Alvie in Inverness-shire. It was Ramsden property once, but latterly belonged to Mr. R. B. Whitehead, son of the inventor of the Whitehead torpedo.

Photograph *Central News*

LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S

Capt. the Hon. Reginald Coke, D.S.O., with his bride, Miss Katherine Ryder, a niece of the Earl of Harrowby, after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Capt. Coke is a half-brother of the Earl of Leicester

Paddockhurst, Lord Cowdray's gorgeous house near Worth in Sussex, also belonged to the Whiteheads once upon a time. Then, as now, it was a centre of hospitality, Mr. Whitehead's daughter, Countess Hoyos, acting as hostess.

Treasure Hunting

THE latest sensation amongst the young folk is "treasure hunting." What it means exactly, what they hunt and what they find, nobody seems to know. You have to belong to some secret cult before you can join in the hunts and win the prize. Somebody said the cult was called "The Bright Young People," but Miss Viola Tree denies the title with indignation. Yet this mysterious treasure hunting has its drawbacks. Miss Lois Sturt has been fined, and had her licence suspended for driving at fifty-one miles an hour in London whilst on a treasure hunt. And Miss Viola Tree ran "hell for leather" in coster's clothes down Bow Street "with clues and oranges bursting" from her basket. But she doesn't say whether she ran "hell for leather" as a he or a she coster. If she ran treasure hunting as a he-coster and the police had found her out, she would have been had up for male impersonation. And so the world wags.

This House for Sale

THE list of big houses to be sold grows longer and longer. The last is the late Lord Pirrie's country palace, Witley Park, near Godalming, on which Whitaker Wright spent so many thousands of other people's money. The room built at the bottom of the lake by that meteoric financier surely takes the prize for sheer and pointless extravagance. Lord Pirrie, too, spent a large amount of money on the place, but always in a sensible way, chiefly upon a model farm.

One wonders where the people are coming from to buy these huge houses which require thousands of pounds yearly merely for upkeep, and there is the heavy taxation on the top of that. The sellers seem to have the same opinion, for some of them are following the example set by owners of big houses in London who are cutting up their lofty mansions into flats. Sir John Ramsden, for instance, has decided that if Byram Hall, near Ferrybridge in Yorkshire, is not sold at the approaching auction, the west wing and the deer park are to be put up as a separate house and farm.

Photograph AFTER THE WEDDING *Vandyk*

Capt. James Erskine Stirling of the Seaforth Highlanders and his bride, Miss Evelyn Cavendish, the daughter of Capt. Henry Cavendish, R.N., who were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The bride is a niece of the Duke of Leeds

Sir John suffers from a plethora of houses. He has two in Yorkshire, one in Northamptonshire, one in Cumberland, one in Buckinghamshire, and one in Scotland. His Buckinghamshire abode, Bulstrode Park, near Gerrard's Cross, was his mother Lady Gwendolen Ramsden's inheritance from her father, the twelfth Duke of Somerset. Like Lord Dufferin, Sir John Ramsden is a descendant of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, his grandfather the Duke of Somerset having married a grand-daughter of that brilliant, if erratic genius.

Photograph *Bassano*

A WEDDING OF THE WEEK

Miss Mary Latta, younger daughter of Sir John and Lady Latta, who was married yesterday (Tuesday to the Comte de Cramayel of Paris. The wedding took place at St. James's, Spanish Place

And yet a third well-known house is coming under the hammer, Brayton House, Sir Wilfrid Lawson's seat in Cumberland. It was there that his father, that stout protagonist of teetotalism, planned many of his campaigns. In the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson's time "teetotal" was the word; now it is "prohibition." The Lawson family have been at Brayton for something over two hundred years. Thus taxation snaps the old limbs one by one.

American Mothers and English Countesses

I THINK Mrs. Wendell is the only American, besides the late Mrs. Leiter, who will be mother-in-law to two British peers. Mrs. Leiter's two daughters were Lady Curzon (the Marquis Curzon of Kedleston's first wife) and the Countess of Suffolk and Berkshire. Mrs. Wendell's daughter, Catherine, married the present Earl of Carnarvon when he was Lord Portchester, and now her daughter, Philippa, is engaged to the Earl of Galloway, who descends directly from the first Stuart Kings of Scotland.

Fortunes in Faces

BY E. T. REED

An American film magnate is searching for a comic face which will bring fortune to its owner. In the representative selection seen above, our artist has even included a caricature of himself—on the off chance, we presume!

RACING NOTIONS . . By "Carbine"

The Second July

AT the Second July Meeting at headquarters, the racing on the whole was not wildly exciting, but in the gorgeously fine weather nobody was disposed to grumble at the mildly interesting character of the sport. Neither Diomedes nor Margeritta were seriously troubled to win at the meeting. It was pleasant to see these brilliant youngsters in action again. It is now clear that Diomedes is the best of the colts seen out so far. Perhaps it is not easy to draw a line between him and Black Friar. They have never met; nor are they likely to meet this season owing to Diomedes's regrettable lack of engagements. They will, however, be handicapped when Mr. T. F. Dawkins compiles his usual Free Handicap in the autumn, and I anticipate that Mr. Sidney Beer's colt will then be called upon to give 7 lb. to his Beckhampton rival.

Smart Fillies

I HAVE an idea that Margeritta's performance was one of the best we saw at Newmarket last week. I know that Dawson Waugh thinks a great deal of his filly Milfoil, who possesses an exceptional turn of speed. But Margeritta gave her a few pounds and a very handsome beating. The stable which can produce a better two-year-old filly than Lord Woolavington's crack will be extraordinarily lucky. It is impossible to find a fault with Margeritta's make and shape. She has rare substance and power as well as good quality. It was a slice of luck for her owner to have secured her under the hammer for only 1,050 guineas. Another charming filly is Lord Derby's Blanchisseuse, who scored last week on her first public appearance.

The Molyneux

THERE promises to be plenty of good sport at the Liverpool meeting this week. I see that Golden Boss is among the acceptors for the Molyneux Cup on Wednesday. He has the tremendous weight of 9 st. 8 lb., but that was only to be expected in view of his great reputation. The fact that he has survived the acceptance stage shows that those connected with him do not think he has been unfairly treated. At Newbury in the spring Golden Boss gave 18 lb. to Zanoni and beat him by three-quarters of a length. At Liverpool he has to give no less than 32 lb. to the Chattis Hill colt, which is a vast allowance for the margin which divided them at Newbury. Since then, it is true, Zanoni's form has been rather disappointing, but in my view the handicapper has given him a splendid chance here. I shall, therefore, make **Zanoni** my selection, though I have a great respect for Golden Boss and his weight-carrying powers. There is a poor acceptance for the Abbeystead Handicap on Thursday. **Dark Fox** seems to possess a good chance of following up his recent runaway success at Salisbury.

Cup Prospects

WILL Lord Derby carry off another Liverpool Cup? Pharos is to be his representative in the race. It is a long time since this colt showed his best form in public, but it is understood that he has given satisfaction in his recent work at home, and I am prepared to see him made favourite on Friday. I have a fancy for Ragout for the reason that he has shown a great liking for this sharp course. The Irish horse Clonespoe may be a danger, and there are obviously possibilities about Heliaster who should hold Ragout safe on their Alexandra Park form I shall take a chance by voting for **Heliaster.** Next week there is every likelihood of a very successful Goodwood meeting. I am writing before the acceptances for the Stewards' Cup, but I shall not be surprised to see **Tom Pinch** put up a good show in that race.

POLO NOTES . . . . By A. W. Coaten

Bad Luck

THERE was no little dismay in polo circles last week when it became known that Mr. Lewis Lacey had torn the muscles of his right shoulder severely when playing in the Roehampton Open Cup. This meant that he couldn't take part in last week's international practice matches, and rouses a doubt as to whether he will be really fit for the big fight at Meadow Brook in September. This is an exceedingly serious matter. Great hopes have been built on Mr. Lacey's presence in the British team, and it will be a tremendous disappointment if he finds himself unable to play. Amid all the chops and changes of the trial games, Mr. Lacey has remained the pivot of our forces, and it is not too much to say that without him England will be without her best representative in the game.

Mr. Lacey's Brilliance

PERHAPS Mr. Lacey has not invariably come up to expectations in the trial matches, but taking his play this season as a whole, his genius is still incontrovertible. He is a man who seizes every opportunity to turn defence into attack. His brilliant swoops into the forefront of the game are apt to be disconcerting to his No. 1 and No. 2, but that is merely a matter of becoming accustomed to his methods. It is highly necessary in a team which has Mr. Lacey at back, that there should be a cool-headed No. 3, one who will at all times be ready to cover the player behind him. The Anglo-Argentine back is not always conventional in his methods, and he needs a No. 3 who is thoroughly conversant with his tactics. It is most regrettable, therefore, that the further opportunities of playing together which the last fortnight of the London season would have afforded to Mr. Lacey and Major Hurndall are now cut to waste.

By "The Tout"

A FEW SCALPS FROM HURLINGHAM

Major Harrison

I FEAR this untimely mishap to England's back will diminish our prospects of success in America, but I hope all will have come right by the time the teams line up at Meadow Brook. Happily a splendid substitute for Mr. Lacey has been available in the remaining practice matches in the person of Major J. F. Harrison. I have been an admirer of the hefty ex-Guardsman ever since he did brilliant work for the regimental team of the Blues. The trouble is, however, that he rides an exceptional weight — something like 16 st., I imagine. He has the advantage of being beautifully mounted, but even his fine ponies naturally feel the strain of a hard-fought chukker. Whether they would carry him through a hectic international match must necessarily be doubtful. I do not think Major Harrison has ever played better polo than during the present season. He has distinguished himself in every game he has played, and there must have been times when the Selection Committee contemplated asking him to go to America.

A Camera Trio from the Out-of-Doors

Photograph *Central News*

THE SPOILS OF VICTORY

Ras Tafari, the Prince-Regent of Abyssinia, presenting the Coronation Cup to the captain of the Eastcott polo team at Ranelagh. Eastcott beat the 17/21st Lancers in the final by 8 goals to 4

Photograph *Alfieri*

SOME LOUD SPEAKERS

Mrs. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, who spoke at a recent Liberal gathering held at King's Langley in Hertfordshire. Dame Lloyd George is seen on the right of her husband, who is looking another loud speaker fearlessly in the face

Photograph *Central News*

ROYALTY AT WEMBLEY

The Queen of Spain recently paid her second visit to the British Empire Exhibition, where she made a lengthy tour. She is seen above in the East African section with some of the native women, who, to judge by their dress, appeared to remain "uncommon cool" in the presence of the recent heat wave

PEOPLE AT PLAY

THE BROOKLANDS BROTHERHOOD

By "PENDARVES"

A RACING motorists' life during the summer months is not only one long ghastly rush when he is on the track, it seems also to be a fierce battle against the clock for several days before a Meeting, and for some time afterwards in preparation for the next speed or (alleged) reliability stunt somewhere or other. They call it "tuning up."

Take any of them, one is like unto another. The only thing they don't know is fear. Take Malcolm, for example, who beguiled me into an abysmal pit of sweating terror the other day when I might have been lying on my back in a punt on the peaceful river. He is typical of them all. Malcolm has got a charming house in the country. One of those delightful four-hundred-years-old places where you bump your head against oak beams in every doorway—an idyl of peace, and plenty; with a dovecot outside the best bedroom window wherein flirting begins at 4 a.m.

He bought the house and farm, not because of its rustic charm, but because of the length of the old cow byres. He saw in them with his racing eye the ideal place for a super-garage, where you could hide the latest scream in cars, the straight-eighteen Flickbye, until the day of the race, don't you know.

The garage has line shafting and belting, dynamos, switchgears, every conceivable species of tool, all laid out on benches according to sizes and uses, racks of spare tyres; and never less than four cars in process of demolition or reconstruction or "teeing up."

You drive down from the reek and heat of London on the Friday afternoon (that in itself is an education in inch clearances) and are shown the garage. You gaze with due respect upon the straight-eighteen, which a grave-faced bespectacled surgeon-mechanic appears to be breaking up wantonly, are told it cost about £10,000 (you can't see why) and that it will be ready for the Blackpool Flying Kilometre in about a fortnight, but mum's the word.

Malcolm, once let loose in the heaven of his own garage, loses all interest in you and in the time, and proceeds to turn everything on. Machinery hums, electric switches flash fire, and you eventually sit down to a dinner ordered for eight at five minutes to nine. After which you look at cases of cups and trophies, and photographs of crashes, and bump dubiously up to bed at eleven.

To-morrow is the day, you will understand, that he has been inveigling you into for months past—the Summer Meeting at Brooklands. He, and the fraternity of fanatics, are about to race cars against each other—what further bliss could be achieved? But in the morning there will be "tuning up" to be done on the track, and that is where you come in. He wants to show you, has been wanting to show you for years, that there is absolutely nothing in it. That a fearful lot of rot is talked about speed. That he is one of those people who disapproves strongly of frightening a passenger. He wouldn't dream of subjecting you to any unpleasantness (he put it rather more crudely than this), and now we had better be starting. "Are you ready, old chap?"

Anyone who has had anything to do with a motor maniac knows full well this means you can stroll back to the library, read all the leaders in the *Times* carefully, put on another tie, and cut your nails before the car's exhaust actually begins to raise oily smoke of impending departure at the front door. Wedged in at the back of the 20-48 Battersea with one of the mechanics, two rolling drums of oil, a large case of sparking plugs, several greasy spanners and a spare inner tube, you listen to Malcolm at the wheel, giving a hundred-and-fifty different directions to the nodding mechanic with his head turned partly away from swiftly approaching corners.

Arrived, slightly shaken, at Brooklands he assures you that the car he is going to run first isn't fast at all. He has not got the *really* fast one here. They never have. This is an old pig of a thing (she certainly looks it) who just waddles round the track, and he hasn't an earthly with her this afternoon on the start they have given him, which you notice is 6 seconds off scratch in the Lightning Short Handicap Race at 3.50 p.m.

You squeeze in, Malcolm says "Don't touch my left arm whatever you do"; the grinning mechanic says "Don't open your mouth, sir, or you won't get it shut again." Malcolm mutters "contact," pulls down his goggles, and you slide out through the gates on to the track. There is a roar. There is a rushing mighty wind. The wind becomes a hurricane. Grit from the front wheels needle-prick your strained face. A great heat surges up your legs from beneath. There is a series of colossal and continual bumpings. At any moment you will be pitched out. Death is at hand, from the narrow ribbon of track which rises up ahead to smite you down in the prime of an indiscreet life. A great and abiding terror grips you, especially on the banking, when at an angle of about 43 degrees you seem destined irrevocably for the pine forest on the far side, and very soon. What is left to you of the power of thought hammers in your brain: "If-a-tyre-bursts-now . . . if-a-wheel-comes-off-NOW . . ."

Malcolm glances sharply down at his feet, the heat has become an agony. He turns some hidden tap and you begin to slow down very gradually. "It's all right," he shouts as soon as a mere voice becomes audible, "we were on fire, couldn't you smell it?" He is actually grinning. So, he says, were you; but not for the same reason.

Semi-conscious men on the rack have been known to grin. The fire seems to go out, it was only "a pop back," whatever that devilry may mean, and you actually have the temerity to go on again. But not for long. You have regained your voice and use it in self protection. He seems quite hurt. He says we were only doing 106; that we hadn't begun to go. For your part you find, after crawling out of the infernal machine, that it is quite an appreciable time before you personally begin to come back to normality of thought and action or speech.

Meanwhile, the tuning up continues to blast the peace of the summer morning. Malcolm makes one more sporadic effort to drag you to the track again. This bus, he explains, is a perfectly ordinary standard two-seater model that you could buy in any West End showroom. She can't do more than 70. She isn't meant to. Her speedometer isn't figured for more—look at it. She is quiet to ride and drive, has been driven by a lady.

But a few hours spent among the Brooklands brotherhood has taught you a lot about the so-called "standard two-seater," and if you are wise you say "not something likely" to this cajolery and remain on your flat feet on the good solid concrete of the Paddock. It is safer. There is a reasonable margin of immunity from sudden death in the paddock. Whereas on the track you are merely provoking Providence, who seems curiously benign towards the brotherhood.

By BEAUCHAMP

MUMM'S THE WORD

"It's no use taking that champagne to New York, John"
"Why not, old man? It's *dry* champagne!"

The First Refusal

BY STAN TERRY

"Will you marry me, Nora darling?"
"N-no, Edward—but I'd like an option on you till the end of the season"

The Street Singer

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

Produced June 27, 1924

THIS is a particularly bright and tuneful entertainment with Miss Phyllis Dare for its fairy godmother. At least that is the impression I received at the end of a very pleasant evening. Miss Dare has the advantage over the usual musical-comedy actress, since she can not only sing and dance with the best of them, but she can also act. And the last attribute is not so general among the breed as it might be. Each time the curtain fell the audience called for Miss Dare with an extremely certain voice, which was pleasing evidence that her already enviable popularity is increasing its shadow, as they say in the East. Indeed, one or two of the other principals, who were equally entitled to special recognition, were almost overlooked in the extraordinary enthusiasm of the house for this dainty little lady.

THE story is developed for the most part in a French artist's studio, which is all to the advantage of the romantic side of the piece, since it is well understood in musical-comedy lore that in a French artist's studio anything agreeably unconventional may happen at any time. The artist (Mr. Harry Welchman) is called on the programme simply Bonni, and the first thing we learn about him is that he has come to the end of his financial tether, and is being sold up. His studio is placarded with an announcement to this effect, partly in English and partly in French. The English part is the word "Sale" in large capitals, but as this word has a very direct French meaning of its own, it must puzzle the intelligent foreigner not a little. It was a Frenchman who once pointed out to me that the announcement he had observed on empty houses, "For Sale," was pronounced in French with damaging effect. But it was news to me, anyway, that a rising young artist could ever possess effects sufficient to make distraint worth while; and the author of the book of this play is certainly entitled to credit for his highly original idea.

QUITE early in the piece Miss Phoebe Hodgson made a distinctly happy impression on the audience with her song about a perfect little lady, or someone of that sort. Miss Hodgson is a sprightly young thing who sings joyously with all the little tricks of the profession designed to add humour to humour in displays of the kind; while for liveliness of movement she would appear to be a close rival to Sir Boyle Roche's famous bird, for which, you will remember, it was claimed that it could be in two places at once. But we must now return to Bonni. Just as he has decided to give up Art and get a job as a policeman or an undertaker's unskilled assistant, the voice of the Street Singer is heard in the land. Her name is Yvette (Miss Dare) and she sings of the Heart's Desire, and strolls into the studio as though it were a public thoroughfare. The enthusiasm of the audience at once manifests itself acutely, and never looks back from that moment.

THE Street Singer fraternises at once with Bonni, doubtless recognising in him a brother artist, and we know that art has no frontiers. She claims to be making a good income from her singing, but modestly suggests that she gets most of her money from people who give her twopence

to go into the next street. I think I see a new profession dawning for myself, as with a voice like mine I could get through several miles of streets during a morning at twopence a time, and it sounds better than working. With the rapidity peculiar to musical comedy, Yvette has come to love Bonni very dearly; and when she hears that his Hebrew agent cannot sell his pictures she decides to help the good work along in her own sweet way. She buys a picture from the agent for cash which she produces from her pocket. (I always thought they kept it in their stockings.) There is a handful of notes and loose silver that quite justifies her claim to be making a good living from her singing; and Bonni under the impression that he has sold a picture at last in the

TYPICAL STUDIO SCENE.
HARD-UP ARTIST DANCING WITH STREET SINGER TO THE TUNE OF JEWISH ART DEALER

ordinary way of business, naturally begins to think out a way of spending the money as quickly as possible. He gives a fancy dress ball in his studio, and everything is bright and jolly with the one dismal exception of the man François.

FRANÇOIS (Mr. A. W. Baskcomb) is Bonni's man-of-all-work, plain cook and private banker. But there is one thing that makes his life miserable—and that is—woman. In the second act he explains his attitude toward the sex in an amusing and outspoken song in which he compares women to all sorts of creeping crawling things; but I expect there is something to be said on the other side of the woman question. I can hardly believe women are as pink as they are painted. Those who seem to enjoy most the uncomplimentary comparison are the ladies themselves, who shriek for joy on hearing the gentler sex likened to earwigs and snails, and similar overflows of nature's bounteous hand. But retribution comes to François at last. A charming little widow (Miss Julie Hartley Milburn) sits beside him and puts her head on his shoulder, and the rest is easy. These two have an amusing duet, entitled "Husband Number Two," which is encored again and again.

MR. HARRY WELCHMAN is, of course, one of our ideal stage lovers, and his duets with Miss Dare are extremely dainty. When he sings in his cooing voice, "Just to hold you in my arms," you can imagine for yourself the agreeable thrill it gives the girls. But the love element of the piece is not allowed to be over-obtrusive. When they think we have had enough of it, they turn on Miss Phoebe Hodgson again to do a bit of lively sprinting up and down the stage while she sings about the sort of man she likes best, and little fragments of nonsense of that kind. Whatever Miss Hodgson may be, she is clearly resolved not to appear sentimental, and her lively humour is one of the very bright features of this sparkling entertainment.

THE third act is a splash of beauty in the house of the Duchess of Versailles, who has decided to become Bonni's patron; and the splendid scene rounds off a programme that is of assured popularity. The humour of musical comedies, as a rule, is rather thin; but in the present case Mr. Baskcomb gives it a robuster quality, so that even the very correct people who do not allow themselves to be seen laughing in public are surprised into a mild guffaw here and there; while those accustomed to less restraint simply howl with mirth uncontrolled, and

when Mr. Baskcomb sings that he hates women like—the hot place, the hilarious uproar is pretty general. The rather solemn part of an artist's model who is in love with Bonni and jealous of any attentions he may pay to other ladies, is played with a nice restraint by Miss Sylvia Leslie, who has the comely and graceful appearance necessary for so definitely-labelled a part. People who like dainty music and dancing, with a jolly good laugh sandwiched in here and there to keep the balance true, will find this piece very much to their taste. JINGLE

Motley Musings

We are credibly informed that the Headmaster of Eton and the Dean of St. Paul's have refused to write articles for the Advertisers' Conference.

. . . . . .

"Is your wife musical?" asked his pal.

"Well, she always keeps on harping," remarked the latter, sadly.

. . . . . .

HEAVEN FORBID!

This won't be at the Goodwood
Steward's Cup heard:
"The steward's in his cups, the
steward's scuppered!"

. . . . . .

BEFORE going to Wembley, it is suggested that members of a Secondary School should sing a hymn. We suggest: "We plough the fields and scatter!"

. . . . . .

ESPRIT DE CORPS

(New version sung by Mr. Parkin of Lancashire.)

There is no one to dispute
I'm a bowler of repute—
So I'm not going to play any more!
I mean to take a rest;
I can't stand the "acid" Test;
So I'm not going to play any more!
They can put young Chapman in—
I don't care which side may win—
I shan't mind if they keep hitting
Hearne for four:
As I can't bowl when I like,
I am going out on strike:
And I'm not going to play any more!

I am just as good a man
As is Mr. Gilligan,
So I'm not going to play any more!
I don't mean to stand about
While the skipper bowls 'em out;
So I'm not going to play any more!
Though, of course, I must admit
I was knocked about a bit,
Though I know I put some catches on the floor,
Though I never got a wicket,
And I know it isn't "cricket,"
Still, I'm not going to play any more!

. . . . . .

WE have just read an article by a small boy about the Black Prince. He says he was mustard before Crecy, and perhaps he was right.

. . . . . .

A WRITER in the *Times* states that the Member for Balham is no donkey. We remember reading something about Balham's ass.

. . . . . .

"I'VE got the winner of the 3.30," he shouted. "My old man was watching the result of the trial from a tree this morning when he fell and broke his perishing neck as he told me. Now then, who'll have the old man's dying words for sixpence?"

. . . . . .

THERE is said to be a fortune awaiting the man who can make the world laugh. What a pity Lady Astor isn't eligible.

. . . . . .

When the boat took a sharp list to leeward,
A passenger shouted out, "Steeward":
When the latter said, "Sir,
Did you call? Do I err?"
The former said, softly, "Oh, yeeward!"

IT was a thoroughly naughty musical play, and even the orchestra was banned by the Censor.

. . . . . .

WRITERS in a contemporary have been discussing our hymn tunes. Several flappers have written to us to say that as far as Hims, Ancient and Modern, go, they greatly prefer the modern.

. . . . . .

SALE, HO!

A sail is to a seaman dear
As to a spinster is her tea,
When he is on a shore that's lee,
And far from England, Home and Beer!

Yet is it true that Guinevere
(My little bride that is to be)
Would infinitely rather see
A sale!

To frocks now advertised "to clear,"
Remorselessly she draggeth me,
Babbling of "six-eleven-three!"
Ye gods! the phrases that mine ear
Assail!

. . . . . .

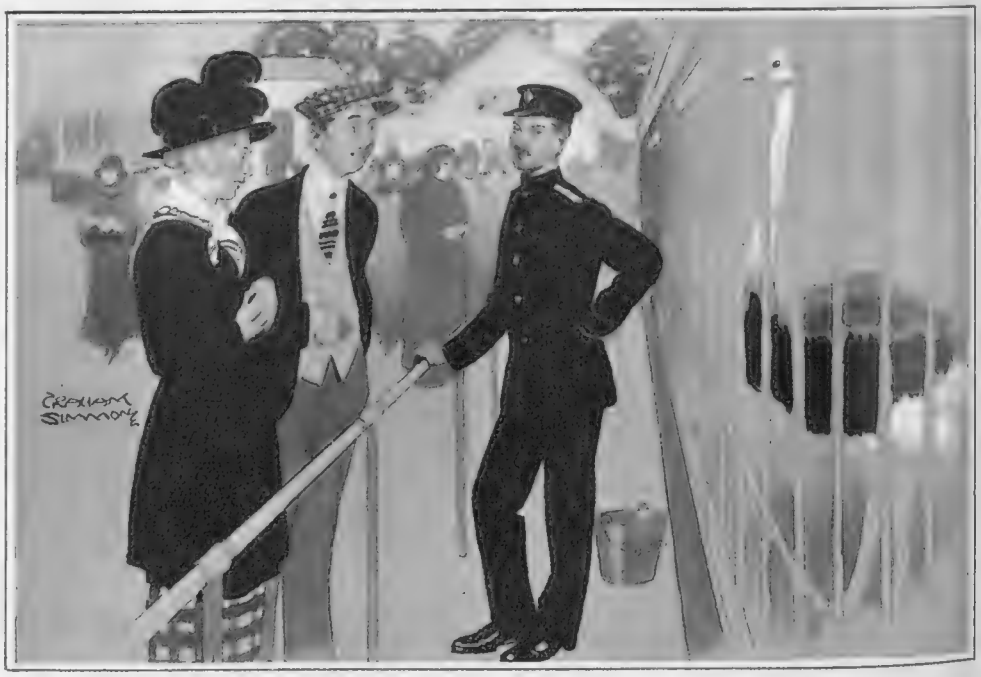
"WAS the deceased cool and collected when he started?" asked the coroner of a witness who was giving evidence about a fatal motor accident.

"Well, he was certainly collected *afterwards*," was the cautious answer.

. . . . . .

WE are informed that among the Senussi tribe the market price for a wife is twenty-four shillings. These native tribes seem to have no idea of the value of money.

HARTLEY CARRICK

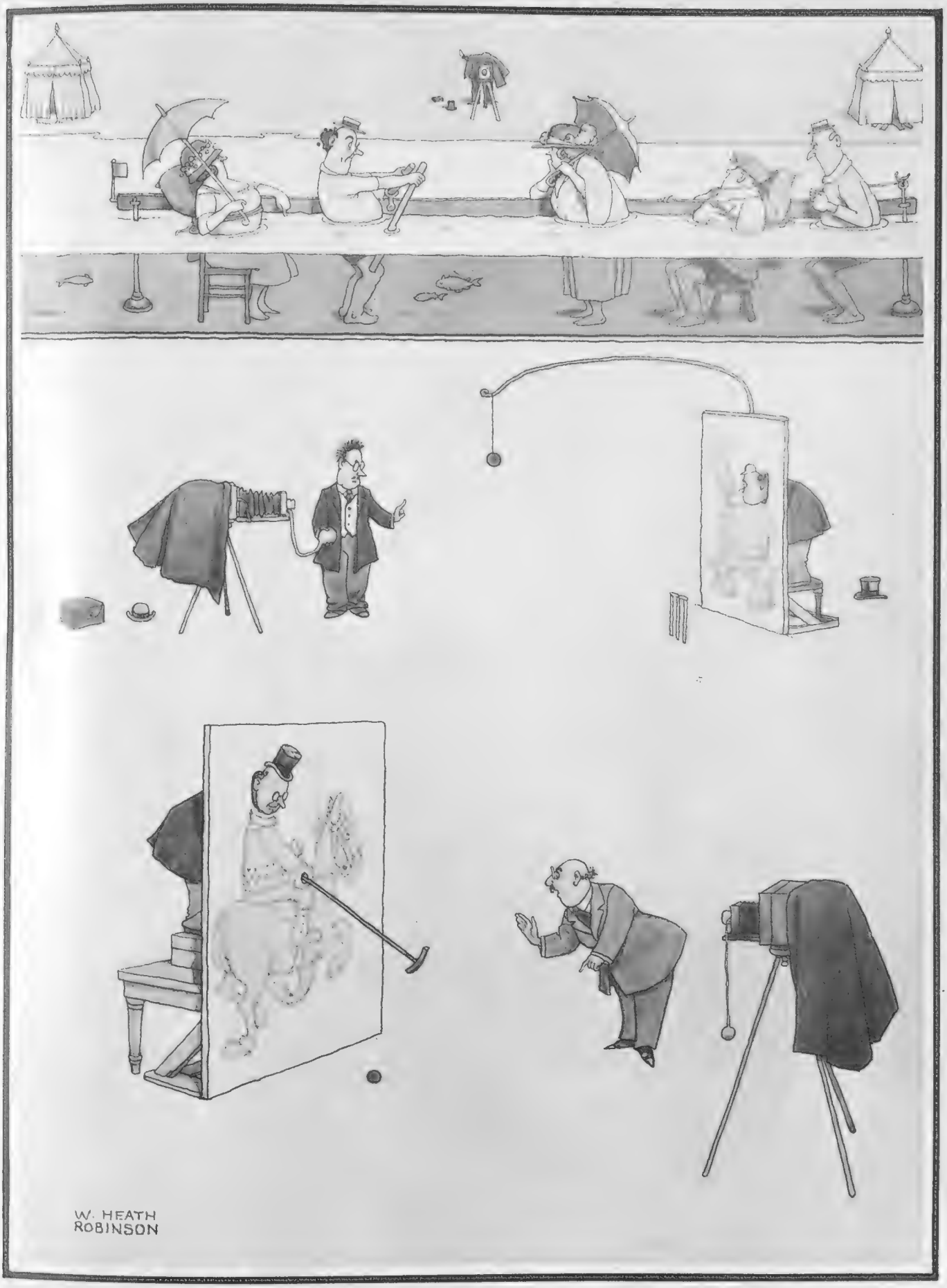


By GRAHAM SIMMONS

SKNOWLEDGE!

HE: "Sneagle!"
SHE: "Snotneagle, snowl!"
KEEPER: "Sneither, snostrich."

Behind the "Seens"



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Some of the latest props employed by professional photographers to secure a seasonable setting for portraits during the holidays

THE CULT OF THE CABARET

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

III.—The Four Nations

THERE are two distinct phases about the Metropole Midnight Follies, and it would be incomplete to write about one without the other, yet each are entirely separate.

There is the Sunday night atmosphere, and the atmosphere of all other nights. Of course, there is no cabaret on Sunday night; the mere suggestion of such a horror would turn prematurely white the hairs of every Ell See Seeman, and we should hate to hear that had happened. But on Sundays there are *Diners Fleuris chez les Ambassadeurs*, and these need explanation.

Speaking tersely, albeit with a perfect French accent, you can toy with iced melon *dans le jardin de ma sœur* (infinitely preferring, of course, to do so in the garden of some other fellow's sister); you can become engrossed in the tail end of a Scotch salmon *chez les poupées*; and you can hold knowingly up to the light the vintage claret *parmi les animaux* (in your view all those others, who don't know good wine when they see it). In other words the Management infuses a certain named atmosphere into the blue and gold Ambassadeurs Restaurant, and the dinner develops at long last into an orgy of souvenirs for the ladies in the forms and shapes of dolls, animals, flowers or whatever the particular flavour of the evening may happen to be.

I don't know what we are coming to in this dinner souvenir business. I only know that the bulk and shape of the presents one eventually staggers under to the waiting taxi get more difficult and embarrassing for the attendant male every week. They have their advantages for us, I suppose, in that however inane you may have been during dinner, and however crudely you dance, and however closely you may resemble a perambulating Christmas tree on leaving, you may be sure that she is in the best of tempers again. For it is an amazing thing what a passion the average woman has for grotesque paper dolls (I suppose this is the maternal instinct peeping out again) and ludicrous powder boxes (this is sheer love of painting the lily), and junk of that sort. But you can't alter them, and I am sure you don't want to.

A good faithful citizen of Manchester dined here one Sunday night recently "with a couple of men on business, my dear." (this to the wife on returning home). It was a night when you sat at table under miniature cocoa-nut trees, whose paper leaves spread above your head benignly. As a guarantee of good faith and movement he showed her the evening's *menu*. When she saw *Diner Sous Les Cocotiers*, this evoked the marital sniff of suspicion, and the remark that he seemed to have dined in a queer sort of place. But the word has been misused down the ages.

The really interesting thing to me about a Sunday night dinner at the Ambassadeurs is to watch Georges Fontana and Marjorie Moss dancing between the pillars, and to watch Cortez and Peggy watching them. Here you have Greek meeting Greek, as it were. Cortez the Spaniard and Peggy the slim American girl are off duty. They are diners, just as we are; you will see them to-morrow night, but not now. We watch Georges and Marjorie as we always watch them, open-mouthed, deeply impressed, slightly bewildered at their deft technique, which we only understand superficially as raw amateurs understand the art of ballroom dancing. Cortez and Peggy, finished professionals themselves of a very high order, know and appreciate every step, every turn, every "lift." Cortez sits with a face of granite, impassive, without illusions—and at the end his spontaneous applause as of a master to a master is as vociferous as ours, and very nice to see.

It was a brave move this inclusion of two pairs of finished products of cabaret dancing in the same show. But the Metropole people are not lacking in nerve; how can they be since it was they who first fought and finally weathered the storm of opposition on the part of reigning authority against the Cabaret performance in London.

As a matter of fact it works out, as many daring enterprises do, to unqualified success. The Midnight Folly cabaret *mise en scène* is about as suitable as it could well be. You have first of all space, depth and height, the dark corners filled in by a close packed audience. You have the now world-famous green pillars, around which so much feminine controversy has raged. The woman who all shades of green suit admirably says they are exquisite. She whose colouring or clothes do not tone in with these very obtrusive decorations says otherwise in no uncertain voice. Speaking as a mere man who nowadays wears a deadly form of black and doesn't count in the scheme of things anyway, I say that these pillars are arrestingly lovely in line and colour and a triumph of decorative art. Then you have the lanterns which have swayed the emotions of more adamantine men than you, many a time. You have the deep mauve stage with its dark crimson curtains and the cream and green ceiling. You have in fact an *embarras de richesses* in setting, for what? When they snick the lights down you will see.

It is of no particular consequence that possibly when these impressions appear the stars in the firmament of this cabaret may have winked away to some other heaven. That is the way of cabarets, their people are here to-day and to-morrow are gone. But they come back. Meanwhile Cortez the Spaniard, Peggy the American, Georges Fontana the slim Frenchman, and Marjorie Moss the clever Englishwoman, are each in their way together, in their pairs or alone, typical of the high standard of dramatic dancing that the four nations to which they belong have reached.

Taking their numbers individually and separately there seem no higher flights they can possibly reach in grace of body, suppleness, and dramatic movement. Thinking of them together they present a marked contrast.

Cortez appears with Peggy, suddenly, to the beckoning of cruelly exotic music in what one supposes to be an Argentine Tango. You are immediately gripped by the superlative grace of this man, his poise and concentration and the suppressed fire of his every staccato movement. Contrary to popular supposition there is nothing distasteful to insular British eyes about the Tango as these two dance it. There is the passionate temperament of Spain pulsing through every bar of it certainly, but why not? There is over-riding all this a tenderness, a lilt of melody that softens all its edges. The woman is a mere foil to the masterful impetuosity of the man. They are only in your vision for a couple of minutes perhaps when—click! bang! and they are gone. But the curtain has been raised momentarily upon the fierce heat of Spain, upon love and hate and laughter and languishing death.

Later come Georges and Marjorie. The scene shifts to Paris. To a drab grey drinking bar in some mean street in the Antoine district. The Paris unemployables hang about listlessly with their worse women folk. A terribly sad but alluring tune sobs *pizzicato* from the hidden orchestra. There is love here too and hate, but of a different species—and no laughter. It is the old story. One never knows quite why the proverbial Apache throws his women about the floor. They do it here, and your senses are not offended thereby, because from the crowd emerge these two and turn a decadent form of dancing into high art. Marjorie's fear of the man is superbly done. Very dramatic also is the whistle of the gendarmes, their arrival after he has killed her, and his continuance of the dance with the dead woman in his arms to allay suspicion.

And yesternight you saw them in correct clothes dancing in a highly civilized English ballroom, and making every other man and woman present realise their own impotency—except Cortez and Peggy, their rivals, and one hopes their friends. Or has cabaret competition blurred friendship, made it impossible—as elsewhere?

"El Tango Tragico"

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

MARJORIE MOSS AND GEORGES FONTANA

In their wonderful Apache dance in which the man, having killed the woman, dances with her lifeless body to deceive the Paris gendarmes. This dance is one of the most popular features of "The Midnight Follies" show at the Metropole

A Reflection on the English Summ

lore Often Is

We do not wish unduly to disturb the composure of our readers by giving them problem pictures, but really!—well, with our s
them, if there seems to be more than our usual a

London as it Sometimes Isn't—

—And as it

uncertainty it is quite impossible to know how London will look. So we can only crave our readers' kind assistance and ask
ce of sunshine here, *to turn this page upside down*

Up in Arms!

Photograph *Wyndham*

MITTY AND TILLIO

In their eastern dance at the Casino de Paris, showing us that "this is the way we go to work" in Egypt—sometimes

PARISIANA. By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"As a brunette"

Mes Amis,

A CERTAIN superiority is manifested by some English people over French people in the mass in the matter of baths. Because bathrooms, which are included in almost every cottage in England, are still a luxury in France, even in Paris, there is a deeply-rooted belief that in the approach to godliness via geysers, Frenchmen are a long way behind English. It comes as a surprise to many Britons to find that Frenchmen think that if they wash so often it is a proof that they need it.

I REMEMBER being startled myself the first time I heard that theory expounded. It would never occur to an Englishman to strike a comparison that way round. But Frenchmen are very ready with disturbing retorts. I shall never forget seeing a party of Americans crushed to a "frazzle"—whatever that may be—when they ventured to be rude to the only Frenchman there on this dangerous topic of baths.

WE were passing the fountains on the Place de la Concorde, where the waters play over somewhat immodestly-poised syrens, and one of the Americans thought it was delriously witty to say, "That's the only woman in France who takes a bath every day." Before the laughter had had time to get going the Frenchman responded, "It's funny you should say that, because you know what we say about American women?" "No: what do you say?" was the query, put in obvious astonishment. "Why, that the Statue of Liberty is the only *Americaine* whose morals are above suspicion." That took the "pep" out of these Americans for the rest of the evening.

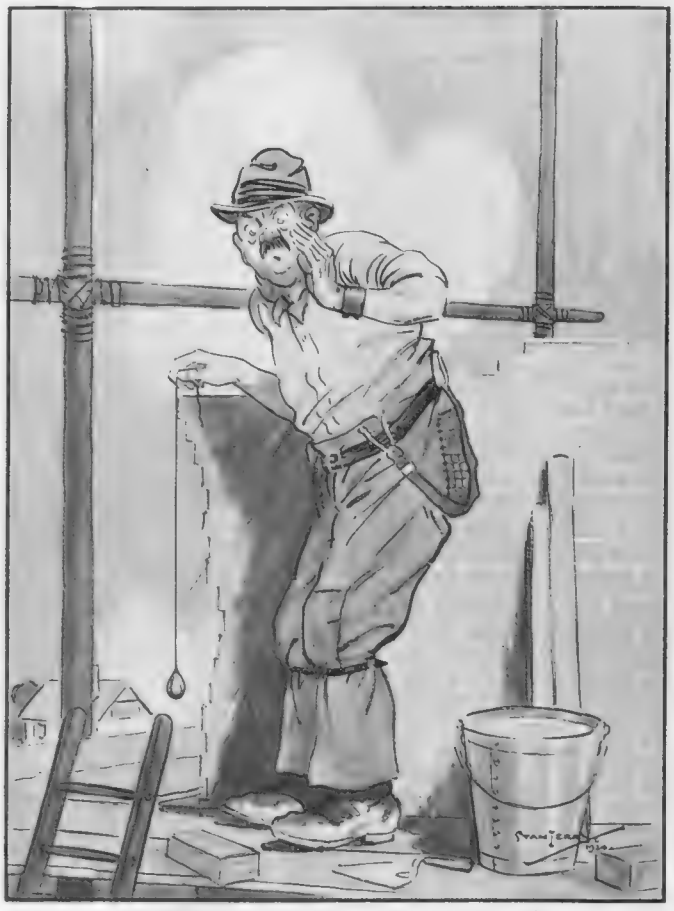
BUT that's a digression. What I had in mind to say was that it is going to be very hard in the future to reproach France for alleged inferiority in the matter of baths, for France, concurrently with the Olympic Games, has become champion of the world in bathing *de luxe*. It is at Deauville that this has been inaugurated, but we may expect emulation from Cannes and Biarritz, and after these there is no telling where the fashion may spread. M. Cornuché, monarch of merriment for millionaires, called down those of us who write about his Crœsus colonies to see these new wonders at Deauville, providing his special *train bleu* for the purpose.

THESE *petits palais*—one cannot call them huts—easily eclipse anything that has ever been done. No luxury-loving Roman emperor ever had anything to equal them. Besides every practical accessory, there are tiny fountains with basins of mosaic and little gardens that bring visions of Alcazar and the Alhambra. No wonder one well-known Parisian actress said she would prefer to fit up a hammock and remain there, rather than stay in "town"—but two or three hundred yards away. Deauville has discovered "bathing" somewhat late, but, having decided that it was worth while, has accomplished something which is really prodigious.

ONE begins to be puzzled about these hair-dress fashions. Apparently it has become as common to change the style as to change a frock. At the theatre, for some time, it has been noticeable that the majority of the *élégantes* have been wearing *chignons*. You feel confident that some of those whom you know—by name—were "bobbed" or "shingled" when you previously saw them, a little while before, and you wonder how the transformation has been effected in the time. Then you see them at the country resorts—Barbizon and Montigny-sur-Loing—and the locks are again clipped. It must be possible to put on, and take off, those *chignons* with the hat. Perhaps *La Mode* has decreed that for the present the theatre calls for the old style and the country for the new. A new complication added to life. What a terrible situation if the hats get mixed in the theatre *vestiare* and the *mondaine* who comes as a *blonde* has to return home as a *brunette!* RENÉ

"To fit up a hammock"

"HORSES for courses" may be an excellent Turf maxim, but that is no reason why restaurant-keepers should adopt it.



THE LINE OUT By Stan Terry

Bricklayer: "Oi, George, 'ave you 'ad this 'ere plumb-line tested lately?"

"THE CALL *of the* EAST"

By N. S. CRAWFORD

To my friends still serving in the Indian Army.

I have lived a life out there in the East,
A life in ten short years,
And well I know the Call of the East—
As well as manly tears
At the loss of a friend by a sniper hit
Or killed by a fall from his horse
While riding that same all out for a win
On a much too bending course.

The highest golf in the Kashmir Hills
For a month, then back to the Plain—
Oh, well, I have lived it all, and now,
Now I am Home again.
Home that I love, yet still the memories,
Still the memories cling
Of riding, shooting, polo, station clubs
And everything.
The loyal men I used to command
Who followed me, their Sahib,
The warm firm grip of my Subadar's hand,
His privileged mufti garb.

But that is done, I must not regret,
Yet, God, how I long for it back,
And now I must just forget, forget,—
And tear off the Almanack.

There are things they say will compensate,
I left them years ago,
But now I am back, do I know them again
As once I used to know?

The smell of a dog, the scent of hay,
And the smell of a horse's feed,
But oh, the smell on a rainy day
Of rain on Harris tweed!

No. Still I hear the Call of the East
And still I get the smell
Of the late bazar in the low, thick mist
(Only who knows can tell).

The *huqqa*,[1] the *ghi*[2] and the charcoal fire,
The things that none may know,
The tonga bell, the Tommy's "*chell*"[3]—
Ah, but I want them so.

My debts, the Mess, the Tennis Courts,
The General off parade
Telling the stalest anecdotes
In a manner far from staid
To subalterns—he was a subaltern once
And he never forgets—(*out there!*)
He's a subaltern still in every way
But his badges and whitening hair.

Dewali,[4] I'm drinking rum with my Sikhs,
Dushera,[5] with Gurkhas the same,
I'm cracking the same old jokes with each,
That my C.O.'s father would shame.
But how they love it, the crops, their son,
Is he joining the Service soon?
(Of course he's not, for the I.O.'s know
That the Indian Army's done).

The smell of a dog, the scent of hay,
The smell of a horse's feed,
And oh, the smell on a rainy day
Of rain on Harris tweed!

Yes. But I hear the Call of the East
And still I get the smell
Of the late bazar in the low, thick mist,
Only who knows can tell!

[1] Huqqa: The Indian hubble-bubble.
[2] Ghi: Clarified butter, used in Indian cooking.
[3] "Chell": The Tommy's version of "chalo," a Hindustani word meaning "Get on, hurry up."
[4] Dewali: A Hindu festival. One very keenly observed by the Sikhs. It is customary in a regiment in which there are Sikhs for the Sikh Indian officers to invite the British officers to drink rum or whisky with them. The greatest camaraderie exists on these occasions, and loyalty is more firmly cemented.
[5] Dushera: Practically corresponds with the above in a Gurkha regiment.

A "TENSE" MOMENT By Lance Mattinson

Reveller (*the morning after*): "Is that you, dear? I shan't be home last night!"

"Down in the Forest Something Stirred—"

Photograph *Fred Daniels*

And as the "something" in this case is Miss Margaret Morris who is conducting her summer out-of-doors school of dancing at Cap d'Antibes in the South of France, it becomes obvious that the "stirring" is as energetic as it is graceful

FEMINA

"SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT"

Photograph *Yvonne Gregory*

MISS STELLA ARBENINA

Who plays the part of Madame de Charrière in the new thriller, "In the Next Room" at the St. Martin's Theatre. She is one of the many clever people concerned in those "dreadful goings on" that are drawing crowds to the St. Martin's—the "goings on" in question being a couple of real juicy murders added to a lot of baffling mystery

No doubt there's more in producing advertisements than meets the eye, my eye, anyway. When people hold conferences, I take it there's something to confer on besides the fact that art is unteachable. But they do say that any excuse is good enough to justify banquets and functions and trips to Europe, and that Wembley can't be left to fizzle out without any special attractions now that people are beginning to hie them seawards. And to tell the truth about advertising must be no end of a jest, and something of a task too, considering that the foundations of the civilised world are laid on advertisement. To take it seriously one would have to begin with Adam, though I hope that no one will attempt to be as thorough as all that, or this time next year will still find us on the fringe of the great subject. Even the dean who specialises in gloom is to have his say, and I rather think that he will rise to the occasion with his usual brilliant melancholy.

"Two young men and women choosing a career," that's what I read in that thrilling column in the paper where people send out *cris-de-cœur*, and other cries, to each other; "why not learn to write advertisements? Earn while you learn. £10 a week made by students after a fortnight's training. . . ." and more to the same convincing effect. Doesn't the idea fire your imagination? O! young men and women in search of a career, go for the advertisements!

"If you have tears" you might shed them now because we seem to prefer business to *belles lettres*. It isn't so really, only we use our *belles lettres* to produce business—that's what the advertisement really means. "If you're clever," it says between the lines, "don't waste time by casting literary pearls before a public which may, or may not, pay you for them. There are other uses for literature which do pay by return; try them."

Perhaps there are, but the point is that the man or woman who can turn out, let's say, literature in advertisements is born, not made. No fortnight's training will teach you the secret of that irresistible appeal to the public purse. You either know, or you don't know. You either can, or you can't, and when you can, it often occurs that you can't, because your luck's out, or your brain's in need of a holiday, but, never, never does it happen that you can when you really can't.

Candidly, I find this truth-in-advertising business a little disquietening. If we're all told the truth about everything, if we lift all the veils between poor humanity and the things it must be made to buy if some of us would live, who'll be left to do the buying? In sheer self-defence the sellers will have to embark on new advertising campaigns of greater and greater subtlety, just to convince us that truth is more wonderful than fiction.

I find the fiction (if fiction it is) good enough, and I hope the conference isn't going to improve too much upon the masterpieces we've already got. As it is, I always fall to the lovely pictures and descriptions that come in daily in the sale catalogues and things. The resisting one's got to do if one wouldn't be ruined! How do these clever people who describe a mere nothing of a frock at something and elevenpence manage to make one feel that it's the one thing needed to complete one's happiness, that life would be a blank without it? It's not so much the truth in advertising that we're after as idealism, a seeing beyond the actual into the dream where the idea was born, where it first took shape. What if afterwards that shape turns out a wee bit disappointing? Did our poor humanity ever live up to the best that is within it?

Catalogue writing is an art; "catalogy" it ought to be called if it were taken as seriously as it deserves. On a day last week, when we were sweltering in eighty something in the shade, with hardly any shade about, I read in a catalogue all about a poem of a fur coat in Persian lamb with a lovely sable collar, of a leopard's skin wrap lined with moonbeam brocade, and my one idea was to run Bond-Street-wards to acquire them. It's too dangerous a power to let loose upon the world, especially on us poor, susceptible, defenceless women who never could resist temptation ever since Eve began the habit. So, perhaps, it's just as well that they've come over from America in their hundreds, or is it thousands, to show us the way to organise the business. They're supposed to be such masters of their craft—I mean art. Some of us over here still cling to our false pride and to our idea of playing the game. "I never advertise," says the great man, chiefly because he couldn't if he would, and the photographs, the interviews and paragraphs, and things don't count, I take it. We haven't the courage of our opinions though everybody knows that the successful life is a spangled path from one advertisement to another. In America every artist has his advertising agent, so I'm told, and there's no beating about the bush. How is it done, one wonders? Something like this I imagine. "Know yourself. Let . . . paint your portrait and your soul will have no secrets from anybody. A human document for all ages." But I'm not sure that I'd have the courage to be painted; no, not even for the sake of posterity. No doubt they're braver in America. CANDIDA

Photograph *Stage Photo Co.*

A MAGNET OF MIDSUMMER

Miss Marie Tempest and Miss Marjorie Dixon in a delightful scene from "Midsummer Madness," Mr. Nigel Playfair's new production that is proving an irresistible magnet at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith

Le Monde Chic—Figur(e)atively Speaking

Some Paris notes from our artist's sketch-book on the rights and wrongs of present-day modishness. They say that one man's meat is another man's poison, but when it comes to a question of women's clothes the simile often proves totally inadequate!

Looking Round and—

"They'd never believe it!"

"Am I not right?"

—Looking Round

BY ROSE LE QUESNE

YOGO HAMA'S SOCIAL HINTS

"They must sport their coronas"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

I HAVE receive innumerous letters from anonymous persons and other incognitoes requiring informations how to behave and perform suitable etiquettes at social and upper 10 appointments. I do not propose to myself to become a good breedings Prof., except when I shall compose my book "Polite Etiquettes for Landed and other Gentries," which I shall hope to incorporate Hon. Sir Ramsey for the preface. But this are not yetly, and I must earnestly inform my 1,000's of correspondents to direct their requirements to Hon. BYST'NDER Social Editor, who are very good eggs on these learned subjects and know the correct number of beans which produce 5 in the stylish world.

Neverthelessly, I shall constrain to supply some very exclusive hintings to those incogs who request to know how to behave if invited to the garden party at Hon. Buckingham Palace thisly week. Other incogs, masc and femn, who have not hithertoly performed very good manners or studiously acquired high breeding etiquettes, shall discover these hintings to be very invaluable because I have import them from Hon. Anglo friend who mixes himself in only extremely A 1 sets, and was born from a very prime family almost extinct with age. I shall now divulge these good tippings as follows:

All tyroes and suchly non-sophisticates who have a command to appear on the 24th, or fail at their peril, should be very assiduous to dress in only their best garments with care. If Dukes, masc or femn, they must sport their coronas, ermines, also stars and garters and suchly regalia. Lords and knights, masc and femn, must wear their spurs, escutcheons and other belts. Non-entitled persons should wear not anything at all except best-quality clothes and silk pipe-hats which have been adequately oiled to make them very dazzling and chick. Femns of same inferior quality should procure themselves quiet but expensive fashion garments to measure, which, aforesaidly Hon. friend inform me, may be purchase from Lyons, Maison Steinway, Bollingers and other so eminent firms celebrate for their modes and robes. If impoverish, the requisite garments may be hire for moderate emoluments like as a 1/- an hour.

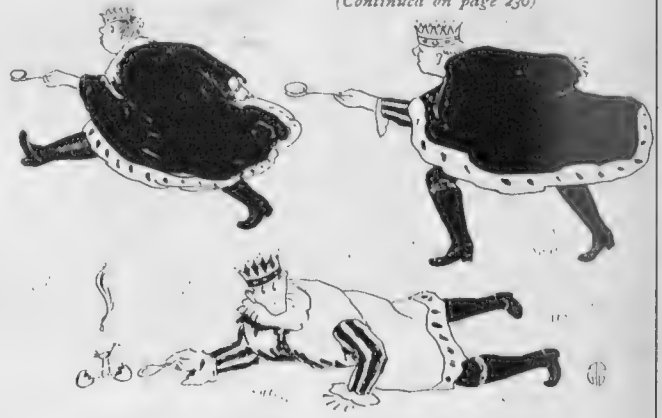
"Labour M.P.'s hob-nod with Duchesses"

"Kindly to impardon me, Mr. Y. Hama, but you need not to expand on these sartorial modes, because if Hon. guests possess their hearts clean and pure, garments need only to be negligable. Constrain to produce insteadly some etiquette hintings for non-initiates, also to impicture the scenery and other entertainments, if any," you deplore? Indeedly yes, Hon. Sir, so I shall now speed to offer enlightenments on these so ticklish subjects.

Persons arriving on their feet and not by omnibi, trams or other transports, should carefully to wipe the dust from Hon. boots so persons shall not discover they have padded their hoofs because of not possessing the requisite 1d. or 3d. Many innumerous ancient family persons have grown so impoverish by war and other catastrophics, they cannot make their ends to meet, so I give them this good tipping. Having made purchase, or to borrow, a programme, the debutantes, masc or femn, speed hastily to the refreshments department to make secure their buns and tea ration before none is left. Polite persons should not deport their paper bags on the grass, or blow them with wind to make loud and entertaining bangs, but very privately conceal them in their pockets or hats, when they can then blow them for busts at home. If ginger, lemon or other imbottled pops should be served, good breeding persons will not set up same for aiming with stones at, but secretly bury their empties in the lawn or other suitable spot. If wishing to retrieve same to secure the 1d. on per bottle, they should do so by night stealthily.

Hon. Anglo aforesaidly friend, has also inform me that if any fair should drop a garter at the garden party, the person who finds same receives 3 slaps on the head with a sword and becomes a knight of the garter, which he then wears round his hat for a trophy and bears the arms *Honi soit que mal y pense* in Latin which are a great distinguishment. This, howeverly, are very rare honour because Hon. fairs now wear suspenders and not any garters to

(Continued on page 230)



"Dukes and Duchesses race the egg with a spoon"

EVENTIDE . . . Life takes on the restful tints of autumn . . . Yet now, as never before, rich, full nourishment, very easily digested, is of supreme importance . . . Such nourishment is Horlick's Malted Milk—the Original.

A delicious combination of the choice extracts of wheat flour and malted barley with fresh dairy milk, Horlick's gives the nerve-force which is tranquillity, and confers sound, sweet, re-vitalizing sleep.

HORLICK'S
THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK
MADE IN ENGLAND

At all chemists, in four sizes, 2/-, 3/6, 8/6 & 15/-.
Also served in Restaurants & Cafés of Standing.
Tablets in Flasks, 7½d. and 1/3.

A liberal sample for trial will be forwarded, post free, for 3d. in stamps.
Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.

children, Horlick's gives physical and mental fitness. **Ready in a moment with hot or cold water.**

produce inferior circulations and other non-hygienic misfortunes.

Having consumed the tea and buns, many persons love to preamble round the exquisite grounds, or else to observe the Labour M.P.'s hob-nod with Duchesses, which they greatly enjoy to do. Saidly M.P.'s may be distinguished for their so beautiful and correct garments, or else delicious uniforms like admirals and other very high marine lords with swords to match. These democraticals scorn very extremely the fine garments, Duchesses and other purple fine linens, but wear them to mortify their passions, so they shall grow very pure to acquire merit for next incarnations.

"The Royal Laureate Poemster"

But you must not run away to suppose it are necessary to be all the time very polite and perform strenuous etiquettes, because this are not by any means so. Presently there takes place to indulge in, some very good sportings and other sociable beanoes. For instants, it are very goodish entertainings to witness Hon. Dukes and Duchesses race the egg with a spoon for who shall arrive 1-st for a trophy, perhapsly oranges, a banana, a timber spoon or other amusing fruit. When all are fatigue of this so innocent and delicious sporting, Hon. Majesty may call perhapsly for the Royal Laureate Poemster to sing some specially prepared odes and cantatoes, which a Royal Bardster will then blow tunes to match on his harp. I have produced a small farewelling ode which Hon. friend considers should be very powerfully moving if Hon. Sir Laureate would sing him with harp strains as thusly :

"A political pigeon rodeo"

> The sun has settled in the West,
> The feathered tribes are in the nest,
> So let us all blow tunes and sing
> Before we make our hooks to sling.

Alasly, my spaces have again grown very constricted, Hon. Sir, or I should like to indulge commentings on the political pigeon rodeo which are due for nextly Thursday. On thisly date Hon. M.P.'s of all colours will race their feathered birds at odds to 1, to see which can run the most fast for a trophy. Let us hope they shall have good backings and suitable climatics.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that you continue to sustain adequate healths for self and family (if any), I remain

Yogo Hama

Photograph *Janet Crawford*

FRENCH ARMY FENCERS IN SAVOY

Some of the competitors and spectators in the recent competitions held at Chambéry. The front row consists of : M. Abriol (Maître d'Armes de Chambéry) left, Commandant De la Taille, Sir John Trelawny, Miss Trotter, M. Dumont (President of the Salle d'Armes of Chambéry), Miss A. Trotter, and M. Cauvin (Maître d'Armes Aix-les-Bains)

"PERFECTION is made up of trifles—and perfection is no trifle." Thus the immortal Michael Angelo, defending his fastidious fondness for detail.

As with the "Faun's Head" and the fresco, so with a motor engine, a musical composition, or a hat—it's the care for detail that makes all the difference between the mediocre and the matchless.

Lincoln Bennett

HATS of Character and Reputation

Lincoln Bennett Silk Hats are priced at 50/-, 42/- and 35/-

Soft Felt Hats, made from Nutria, Hares' and Coney Furs, 42/-, 35/-, 30/-, 25/- and 21/-. Write for our interesting booklet—"Felt Hats, and what they are made of."

Ladies' Tailored and Sports Hats form an important department of all Lincoln Bennett Hat Shops. The above example—an "all occasion" Felt Model at 45/—is selected from a wide range of styles and prices.
Write for Catalogue of Sports Hats.

LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD., 40 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1; 5 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4; 52 KING STREET, MANCHESTER; AND 27 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW

Agents throughout the Kingdom

BY APPOINTMENT

LINCOLN BENNETT & Co Sackville Street PICCADILLY LONDON TRADE MARK

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK & WHITE"

The superior high-grade quality of "BLACK & WHITE" is guaranteed by the fact that JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., hold the largest stocks of old matured and choice Scotch Whiskies.

To maintain a world-wide trade and to guarantee unvarying quality large stocks are absolutely essential: the position of JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., is unrivalled.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., 26, Holborn, London, E.C. 1.

Lawn-Tennis Folk at Frinton

OUTSIDE THE PAVILION

Mr. J. A. M. Thomas, Miss J. Spreat, Mrs. Ronald Tubbs, and Miss Wilmington awaiting the seldom-still, large voice which summons victims to the court

NOT ON THE BEST COURT!

Commander and Mrs. McGrath photographed in a quiet corner of the ground at Frinton, where there was a record number of entries for the tournament

AFTER THE BATTLE

The Hon Mrs. I. Maitland leaving the court after being beaten by Mrs. Jackson Feilden in the Ladies' Singles, for which a very large entry was received

Photographs *Central Press*

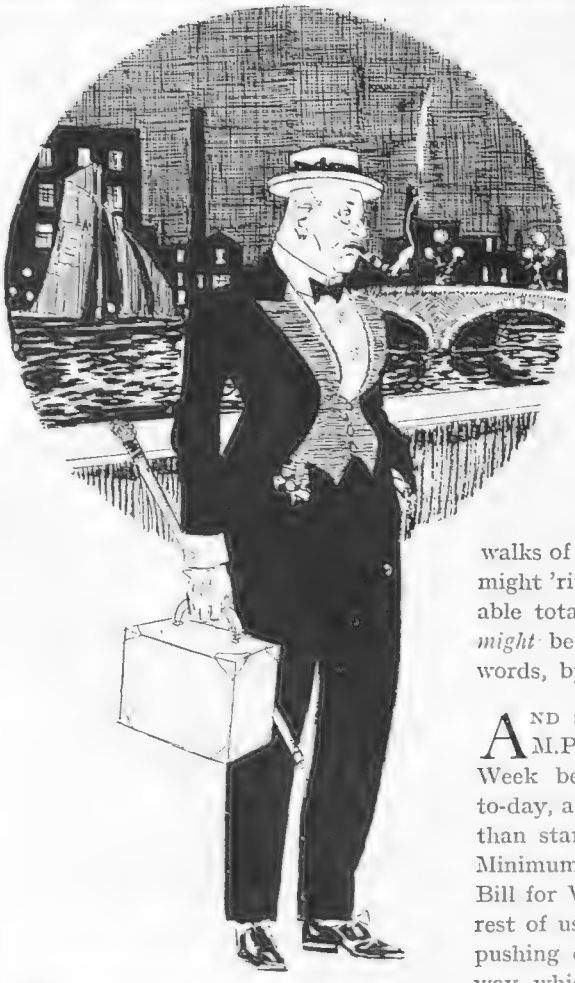
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF TOURNAMENT-TIME

Six of the competitors in the Frinton tournament watch the photographer making a shot on his own. The group shows: Miss Beauchamp (left), "Flaneur," Miss Mavis Bersey, Mr. J. Legard, Mrs. Lomax, and Lt. McGlasham, R.N.

DEFYING THE SEASON

By Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE



"Homeless millionaires wandering around all night"

LONDON, *July* 21

DEAR COUSIN—

So the season at last is waning, so they say, to its close, and ere long the curtain, 'cording to all the rules and precedents, ought to 'gin dropping on the last scene of the last act, and the actors and actresses start planning all about the next show, and where it's to be and—not least important point or c'nsideration, not by any means—what to wear thereat.

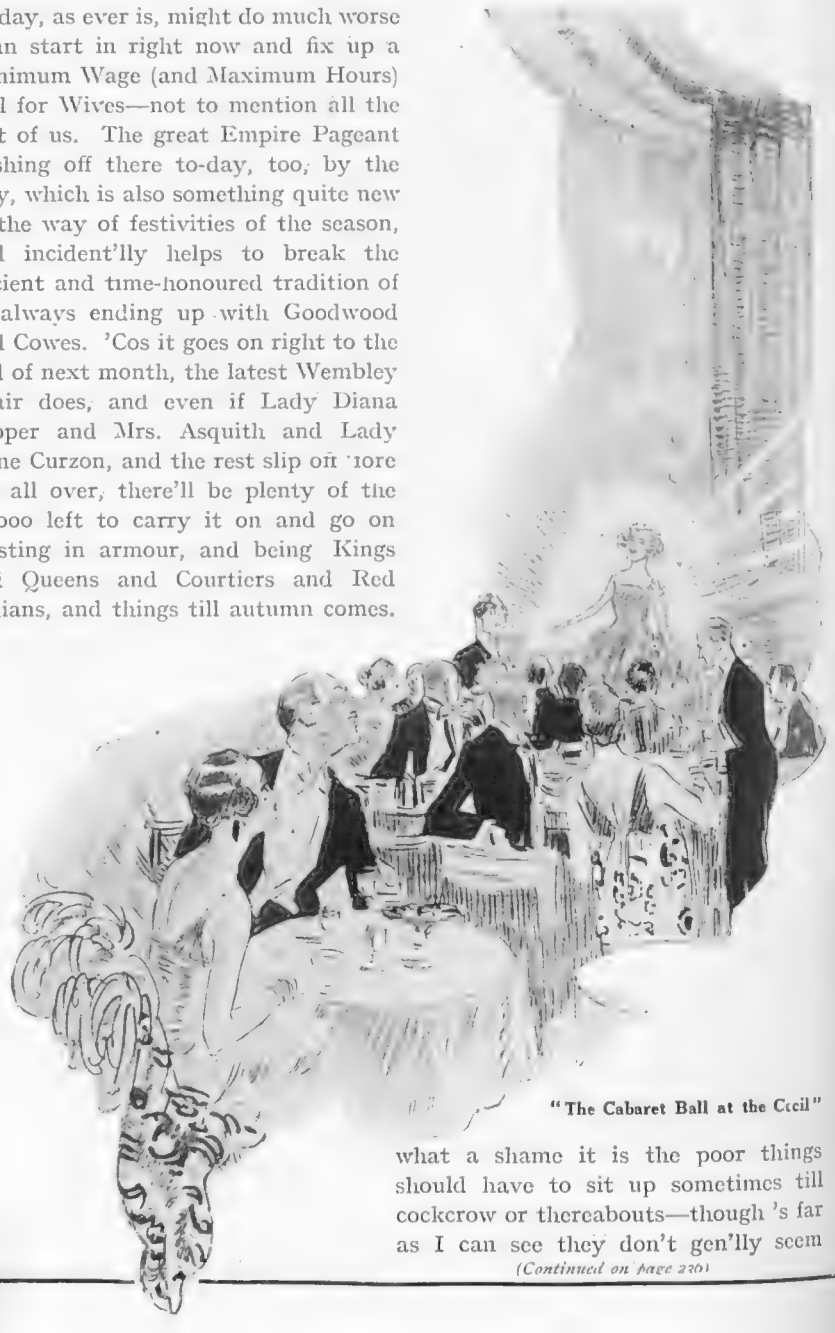
But, oh, what a wonderful affair it's been, and what's more, still goes on being, for that matter—this aforesaid season, I mean, in this 'ticular summer of grace, that we've all done quite a lot of abusing and sniffing at one time or 'nother, but's on the whole quite one of the extra speciallest for years and years. Even had the sun shining on it quite a fair amount, which it's come to be one of our very favouritest traditions that it never even begins to dream of doing.

By the way, there's a real enterprising and clear-minded U.S. lady of Nebraska or Oklahoma or somewhere who's just properly worked out how much women are worth—net result being that in thirty years' marriage she reckon she done about £27,000 worth or words to that effect. Makes a total, doesn't it, of some £900 a year, or if you saved it all up and invested it, getting on for £1,300 per ann. Which, of course, is a quite absurdly small sum really, but gives one anyway some sort of standard. I mean to say, she's just a farmer's wife, this 'ticular one, so if you start totting it up for the higher walks of the profession, so to speak, you might 'rive in time at a fairly reasonable total—some of which, no doubt, *might* be accepted in kind, or 'nother words, by way of frocks and hats.

And seeing there's several women M.P.'s now and a Special Women's Week being held at Wembley from to-day, as ever is, might do much worse than start in right now and fix up a Minimum Wage (and Maximum Hours) Bill for Wives—not to mention all the rest of us. The great Empire Pageant pushing off there to-day, too, by the way, which is also something quite new in the way of festivities of the season, and incident'lly helps to break the ancient and time-honoured tradition of its always ending up with Goodwood and Cowes. 'Cos it goes on right to the end of next month, the latest Wembley affair does, and even if Lady Diana Cooper and Mrs. Asquith and Lady Irene Curzon, and the rest slip on 'iore it's all over, there'll be plenty of the 15,000 left to carry it on and go on jousting in armour, and being Kings and Queens and Courtiers and Red Indians, and things till autumn comes.

So why go for holidays at all, really? And 'smatter of fact, 'pears there's thousands and thousands of people coming to Town this time 'stead of going to the seaside, all 'cos of Wembley, causing 'parative emptiness, it's said, at some of the so-called resorts—though don't seem to've heard any really reliable rumour of prices having gone down there to match. London having been the scene of all the overcrowding lately, and all sorts of sad stories going about of homeless millionaires wandering around all night 'cos of all the hotels being full all the way from the Strand to Bloomsbury, and ending up by doing an all-night sitting on benches on the Embankment or Trafalgar Square.

Which reminds me they're talking of shorter hours for M.P.'s, and what a shame it is the poor things should have to sit up sometimes till cockcrow or thereabouts—though 's far as I can see they don't gen'lly seem



"The Cabaret Ball at the Cecil"

(Continued on page 230)

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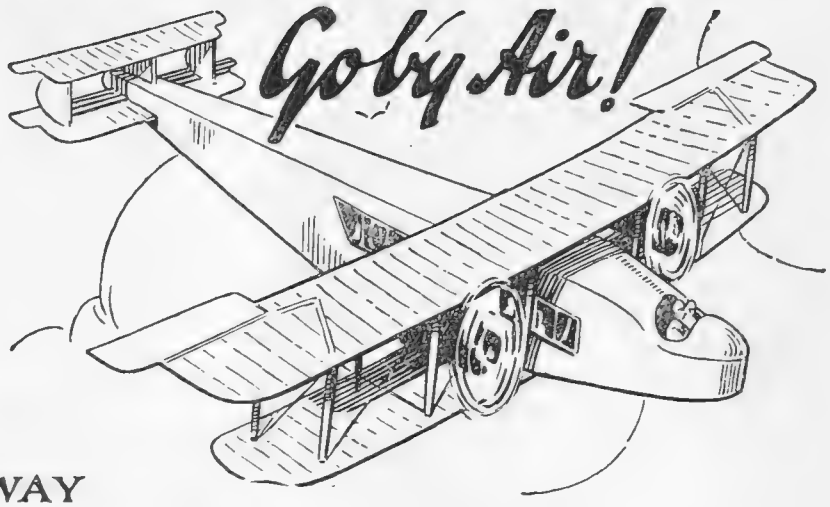

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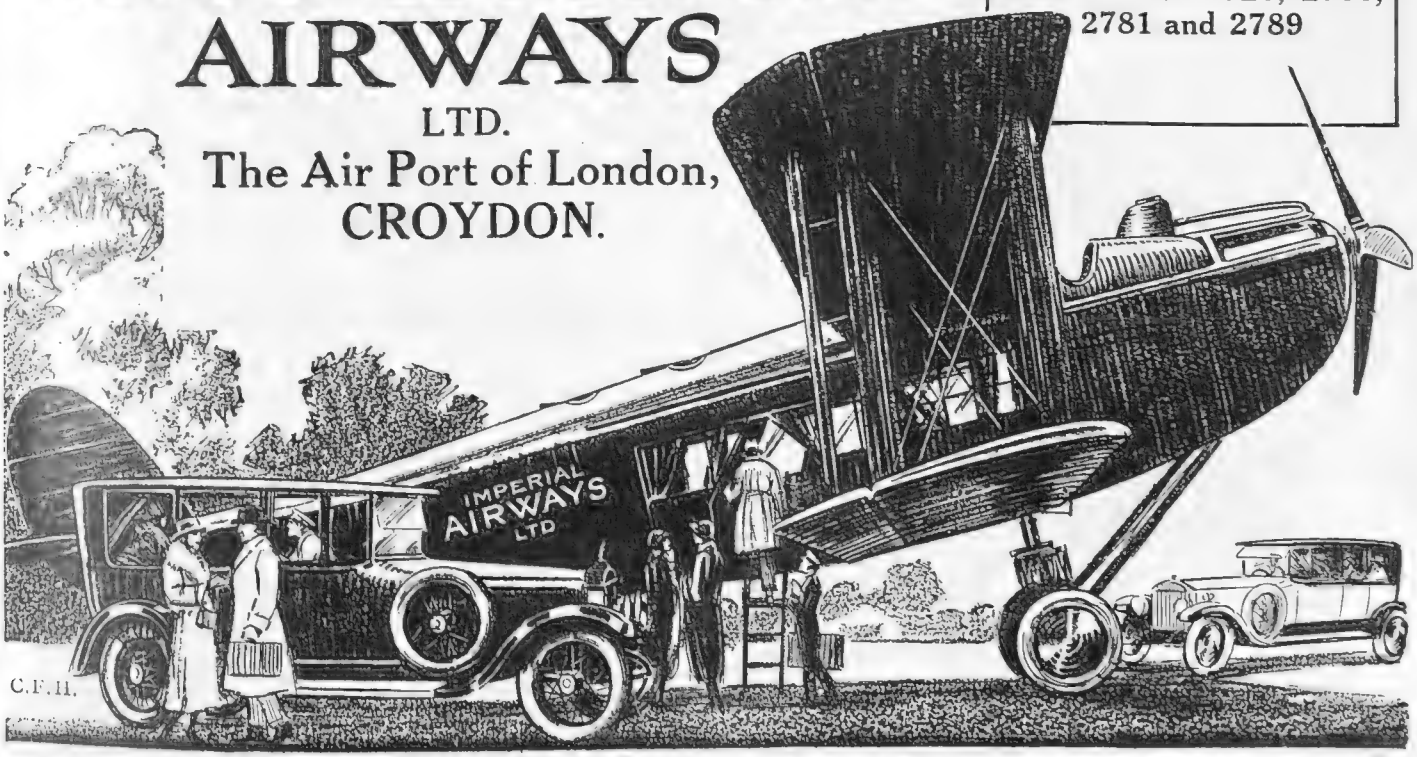


C.F.H.

to pass any old laws and things that matter while they're about it, and really only do it 'cos they want to, and even women M.P.'s 'parently are taking to joining the gay throng of all-nighters just for the fun of the thing. Which is mostly, 'parently, why any of them are M.P.'s at all, seeing that the salary's only £400, and if you do it at all prop'ly you simply must spend, so one of 'em's just told me, at least £2,000 a year, and there aren't Cabinet jobs going for everybody, what?

卐

Went to a new play 'bout one of them the other night, by the way, Cab. Ministers I mean, that's written by an ex-M.P., too, Mr. Crawshay Williams, and called intriguingly, *The Man in the Next Room*—tho' not too frightfully original, seeing there's already a play been running quite a long time at the St. Martin's called *In the Next Room*. You'd think they'd be just a *bit* brighter, these clever people, wouldn't you, 'bout titles and things, but 'parently not, and even peers and people don't seem equal to the strain, seeing how often they rush for the same ones, and there's two Lord Curzons and two Lord Greys and two Lord Hardinges, etcet.—but that's by the way.

卐

Some quite 'riginal things in the play, though, 'cluding fact that the Min. aforesaid never turns up on the stage at all, though always just the other side of a door, and in the last act of all you see his ber-lud come trickling along under it. He having been stabbed to the heart by a Lady of the People (nicely done by Isobel Elsom), whom he led astray in Act One. But meanwhile there's also been a quite 'riginal scene in a Night Club called the Blue Horizon—which is really rather a nasty knock at N.C.'s in general, and a certain Blue one in partic., seeing that it's rather like the sort of "winter garden" of a smallish hotel, only not quite so smart-looking.

"Shorter hours for M.P.'s"

卐

Doing quite well once more, most of the plays are, 'spite of approaching holidays and such like, the slump thereat having faded away as mysteriously as it came. And tho' private dances have rather had their day for *this* summer, seemed to've been plenty of the brave and fair still in town at the Hotel Cecil last Thursday for the Cabaret Ball in aid of the Children's Country Holidays Fund. Something new-ish in Charity affairs this, with a super-cabaret show, 'cluding such stars as Elsie Janis and little June, which the Countess of Brecknock and her committee had collected to aid in the good work. The rest are still going strong at Ciro's and the Metropole and Savoy and Princes' and Piccadilly, etcet., to keep the pot boiling, so to speak, for the gallant band who keep on keeping on spite of the calendar and any old rules.

With love, Yours ever,

Blanchette

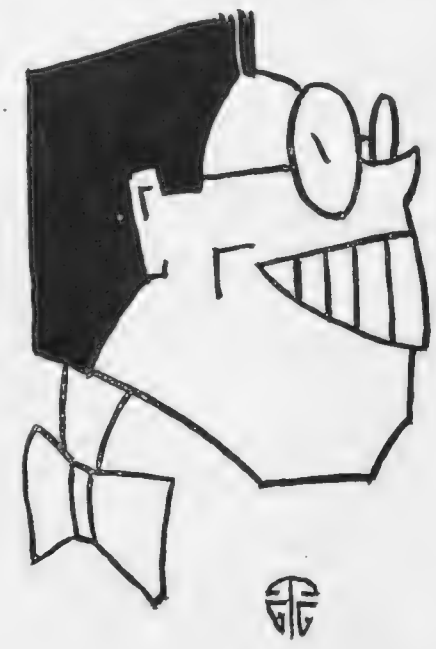
YOGO HAMA! WHO IS HE?

Things are going from bad to worse! Having been taught as a child that "confession is good for the soul," I naturally imagined that my frank avowal in last week's Bystander that I did *not*, and still do not know *who* is Yogo Hama, would bring me some respite from the spate of queries to which I am subjected on this score. But not a bit of it! To judge from the size of my post-bag—to say nothing of the increase in telephone and personal calls—there must be something seriously wrong with some of those moral maxims.

This Yogo Hama problem is really getting on my nerves. I get no rest from this "dimned elusive Pimpernel" of my contributors. My post-bag contains all sorts of suggestions for solving this vexed question of identity. One reader suggests that I advertise for a native to come and japan my drawing-room screen in the hope that the great Yogo himself appears. Another, parodying a song of bygone days, enquires plaintively—

> Has anybody here seen Yogo
> Yogo from the isle Japan?

And now as a final blow comes a note from Yogo Hama himself, which I print herewith:



Most Dear Hon. Sir—

I have receive your very Hon. letter seeking to require my personality and other domestic employments. Why for so, I seek for inform? I are very private person making to understand Anglo manners and customs which I flatter to suppose I do very well, also to produce accurate results of same to non-sophisticates so they shall benefit from these informations and become very stylish.

Suppose I should publish myself to the world, then I should not obtain good informations. Persons would ejacule "Ha, ha, here comes Mr. Y. Hama, let us make dissemble, else perhapsly he shall put us in his commentings with photographic sketchings to match." This should make me very blush and embarrass, so I could not pursue my Anglo studies and help non-initiates and other ignoramus persons who seek to imbibe good knowledges.

Perhapsly persons shall say "He cannot be Japanese gent because of his so good English languages." But that shall flatter me for a compliment which I must not make to believe because it would be very non-polite and egoist, which in my country we are taught to scorn:

Perhapsly you shall endeavour to sleuth me. Ha, ha, I do not so very muchly care because soonishly I shall be in the provincials to make study rural and other bucolic products, and how shall you sleuth me then? No indeedly, I shall not make to supply these so great curiosities to perhapsly find myself imprinted on a Post Office pictorial card for a 1d. or 3d. like performing persons, masc and femn.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you will impardon me not to disgorge my anonymity, I remain.

YOGO 'HAMA

Note his smug assurance that he will not be discovered. Observe how blithely he carols "Ha, ha, I do not so very muchly care because soonishly I shall be in the provincials."

Pride goeth before a fall, Mr. Yogo Hama, and as I am putting my affairs in order before seeking refuge in a short holiday in the country myself, we may meet sooner than you expect.

If that is the case it is quite on the cards that you, O my readers, will have cause no longer to enquire "Who *is* Yogo Hama?" but, "Who *was* Yogo Hama?" One never knows!

Your despairing,

Editor

Notes on choosing a Wine

Burgundy

It should be remembered that names such as Beaune, Mâcon or Pommard merely tell you the districts whencecome certain Burgundies of varying qualities. They do not tell you who selected the wine, who shipped it, who bottled it, or who stands surety for its quality. It is wise therefore, to buy a brand of repute.

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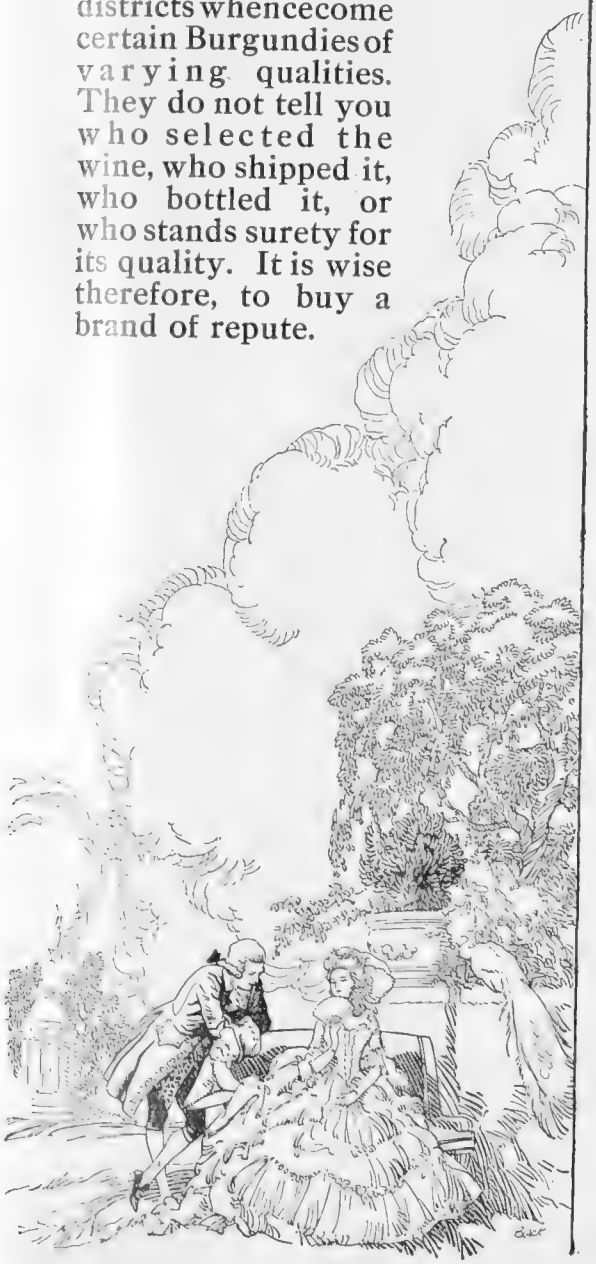

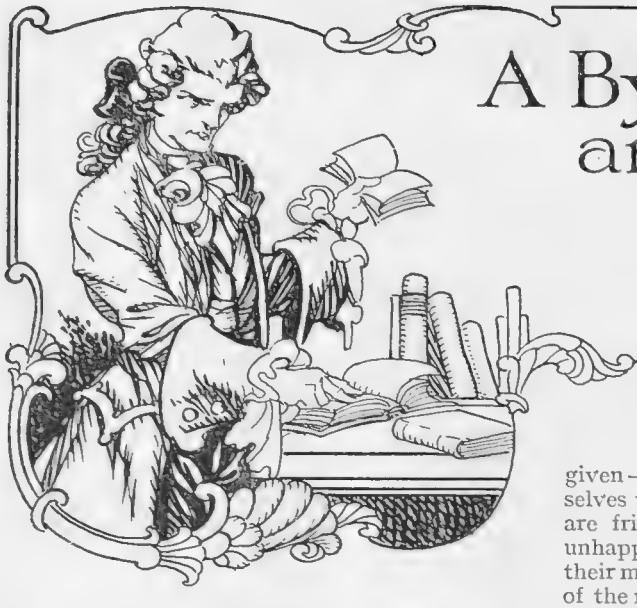

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

I HAVE heard Mr. Osbert Sitwell called all sorts of names, and I have heard criticisms of his work which can only be described as vitriolic. There are those who see nothing in his writings but a sustained impertinence, and those who deplore his entirely understandable habit of hitting back when verbally assaulted. And sometimes he is accused of a vulgarity which, so you are told, on what authority I know not, cannot possibly belong to a true artist.

⁂

IT seems to me, after reading his new book, *Triple Fugue* (Grant Richards : 7*s.* 6*d.* net), that Mr. Sitwell has not only a highly original brain, but unusual artistry as a writer and a fund of ironic humour that is to be envied. It is quite true that in one or two of these stories of his you may think that you have "spotted" a real person. It is quite true that the names of real people are mentioned, and fun poked at them to an extent which will, doubtless, rouse the owners of the names to some fury. And it is true that one of the stories suggests a fairly recent and most unfortunate affair in real life which might well have been left to oblivion. At the same time, this particular story is told so well, and the real people must be so used to being used as a target, that no great harm can have been done. Indeed, Mr. Sitwell has my sympathy when, at the beginning of the book, he threatens to have up for libel any character recognising himself.

⁂

ALL this, however, is really beside the point. It is not literary criticism, and I hasten to say that in "Low Tide," the first and longest of his stories, Mr. Sitwell has done something really big. You must not expect a magazine story with its stereotyped ending, or a cinema-drama full of "stunts." "Low Tide" is about the most poignant picture I remember ever to have seen of two old spinsters —ridiculous sisters—who come down in the world. They live in Scarborough — though the name, I fancy, is not actually given—and they dress themselves up to look twenty. They are friendless, but not really unhappy until they lose all their money. And then tragedy of the most ghastly kind comes upon them. I could read this story again and again, for although there are moments when it seems to me that Mr. Sitwell is raising up unnecessary obstacles in his manner of writing, it is impossible not to recognise the power of his pen and the true pathos of his fatuous old maids.

⁂

THE other long story is, perhaps, slightly less successful, though it is as pretty an attack on present-day "society" as I have read. It may be that the earlier passages are a trifle confused, but when the time comes for the three victims of a motor accident to be blended, surgically, into one, the fun begins. We are invited to take a step forward into 1948, when Parliament no longer governs even in name—I will not tell you who the new rulers are, although you may probably guess —and literature still has its prizes for those lucky enough to be chosen. The only trouble is that you may not be aware of certain activities in the literary world of to-day, for without knowing them, some of Mr. Sitwell's irony will be lost.

⁂

THE book, however, is an entirely exceptional piece of work. It may make you angry; it may even shock you. But you should read it, for here is a man with something to say, who says it in his own particular way—without compromise and without fear. You may not at once appreciate his methods —I think myself that they could be simplified—but sooner or later you will come to see that any little extravagances there may be lie on the surface. Beneath is something well worth the having.

⁂

FEW topographical books delight me more than those which contain views of Old London. It is fascinating, I find, to compare the buildings and streets and activities of the past with those with which you happen to be familiar. And I imagine that in the days to come *The Artist's London* (John Castle : 25*s.* net) will be carefully sought for and examined with the greatest possible interest, for it is one of those rare volumes whose excellence is at once historical and artistic. Here are fifty contemporary artists represented in eighty of the most variegated drawings, together with four essays by John Drinkwater, Wilfrid Whitten, W. P. Robins, and James Laver. Of these Mr. Robins' contribution is perhaps the most interesting; it is certainly the most informative. Amongst the artists are Brangwyn, Lavery, Clausen, McBey and Nevinson. A few of the reproductions are in colour, and one of the Caledonian Market by Blampied, will be of especial interest to BYSTANDER readers—this artist's work, of course, being familiar to them. The book, indeed, is a treasure-house, and the selection of drawings has been made with a care and consideration for varying tastes which must rouse up the warmest admiration. R.S.

A LONDON SIDELIGHT

An illustration reproduced from the "The Artist's London," which is reviewed on this page, of the selling of geese in the Caledonian Market. The artist, Mr. E. Blampied, is well-known to "Bystander" readers as "Blam"

A Dickens Work of Note

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons Ltd., have just published a book which will be welcomed by all lovers of Dickens—in other words by nearly everyone who reads fiction. Entitled *Character Sketches from Dickens*, this attractive work is edited by the well-known Dickensian authority, Mr. B. W. Matz, and has a foreword by Mrs. Kate Perugini, the novelist's daughter. Containing thirty coloured illustrations by Mr. Harold Copping, the price is 15*s.* net, a limited edition *de luxe*, signed and numbered by the author, artist, and publishers, being priced at £1 15*s.*

·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

St. Bartholomew's Fair.

Bartholomew Fair was held annually in West Smithfield, London, from 1133 till 1855, on St. Bartholomew's Day (*Aug. 24th, old style*). It was at one time the chief cloth fair in the country. A great feature of the Fair was the large number of exhibitions, shows, performers of all descriptions, quack doctors, etc., which combined to make it widely popular.

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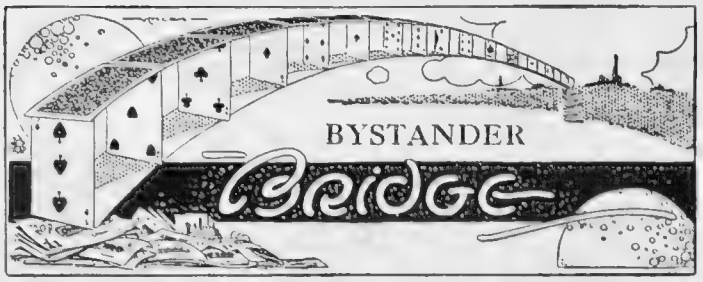

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

CUTTING HIGH AND LOW

Is it possible for a player to cut a high or a low card at will when drawing for partners or for admission to a table? I have heard this question hotly debated, and I have been asked to deal with it in these columns. There are four players: A, B, Y, and Z. A is the worst player at the table, and B is a bit of a "dud." Z is far and away the best. Of course he is. You know the fellow. Z is the man who always does the right thing in all the Bridge problems. He is "hot stuff." He scintillates. Well, Y wants to cut him as a partner. He waits to see how the others cut before he draws his card. A, being a duffer, is always in the greatest hurry to cut, and B is generally fairly quick on the job also. If A and B have cut high cards, well and good. Z draws a low one. Now it is Y's turn, and he takes good care to draw another low one so as to be Z's partner. If A cuts a high card and Z a higher card, Y attempts to cut a higher card than A.

. . . . . .

Now this, of course, is very reprehensible. The cut is intended to be a matter of pure chance. You rest upon the hazard of the cut to decide who shall be your partner or who shall deal. To cut deliberately a high or low card with a particular object in view is, in fact, cheating. There is no other word for it. And yet I am afraid it is done constantly and done by players who would, no doubt, scorn to do a dishonourable action in other affairs.

The possibility of cutting high and low is an indisputable fact, although I have heard it denied by some players. It is true it is not infallible. Some people are much cleverer than others at it and have a more delicate touch. At the time when the laws were being revised by the Portland Club a strong representation was made to them on the matter and a new law was suggested which would make this system of cutting illegal.

I know for a fact that these representations were considered when the new Laws were being framed. But, while the committee did not deny the possibility of this cutting high and low business, they felt it would be a slur on the honour of players to make a new law on the subject. It has always been recognised that it is impossible to make laws against any forms of crooked play.

. . . . . .

There one might leave the matter but for the fact that I have heard it argued seriously by players that it is not cheating to try to cut a particular partner or to draw a low card to secure the deal. They regard it as part of the game. Well, people who talk like this are outside the pale of argument. They confirm me in my opinion that some people have a separate code of morality at cards from that which they use in life. It is just as unfair to cut with a purpose as it is to revoke intentionally. The difficulty is to bring home the offence. One does not want to go about suspecting people, but I have seen in reputable Clubs such strange "coincidences" in cutting that they have made me think.

. . . . . .

As to the explanation of how this feat of cutting high and low can be achieved it is very simple. Any card manufacturer will tell you that when you spread-eagle a pack on the table the low cards protrude slightly from the others. The reason is that they carry less paint. The court cards—the Kings, Queens and Jacks—are heavier. The Ace (the lowest card in cutting) being a single cipher bears least paint of all.

Strangely enough I found the whole thing exposed in a forty-year-old book on Card Sharping which I picked up at a second-hand bookseller's in Brighton. Here is the extract:

"The Sharper, in dealing, presses heavily on the cards with his left thumb, as if to disengage the upper ones, and push them towards his right hand. Under such circumstances, the low cards slide more easily than the court cards, the reason of which is as follows:

"In order to give a lustre to the colouring matter of the ink, gum is used, which, having a strong affinity for moisture, is quickly affected by the damp, and becomes slightly sticky; such being the case, the court cards, having a greater share of that colouring matter, are more adhesive than the others.

"This trick is much affected by the higher class of sharpers, who display in its execution a sensitiveness of touch which is truly marvellous.

"The lower order of sharpers use cards especially prepared, so as to render this effect more marked. They rub the court cards lightly over with soap, while the low cards are treated with extremely fine resin."

. . . . . .

C. E. C. (Simla) sends me the following hand:—

Score: Game all. A, B 18 in rubber game. A dealt and bid "three Diamonds," Y "no bid," B called "three Hearts," and Z "no bid." The game was played in "three Hearts."

A held: S—K, 7. H—10, 4. D—A, Q, J, 9, 8, 6, 5, 4. C—2.

B held: S—5, 4, 3. H—A, K, Q, 5, 3, 2. D—None. C—K, 6, 5, 3.

My correspondent asks:

(1) Was A justified in his call?

(2) Was B justified in taking him out into "three Hearts"?

(3) Should A have gone up to "four Diamonds"?

. . . . . .

With eight Diamonds in his hand, at the score I think that A was justified in bidding Diamonds, but I should not like to lay down the law as to how many he should bid. While I dislike the initial bid of two at love score, I should consider it quite good when 18 up. At the same time by bidding three straight-away he told his partner of great length and strength in Diamonds, and I consider B should not have taken him out. Having done so, I am inclined to think that A should have called "four Diamonds" because his hand was not worth much if played in any other suit. But I feel some hesitation on the point. A might well argue that he had proclaimed the fact at the start that he wanted to play the hand in Diamonds and if his partner intervened he must have a game hand in Hearts.

. . . . . .

That B should have kept quiet I am convinced. A had undertaken with reasonable assistance to go game in Diamonds. The fact that B had no Diamond at all should not have influenced him after the pre-emptive bid. The value and significance of a pre-emptive bid is that it tells your partner, "I don't want assistance at all in the suit I name. Any outside tricks you have will help me, but you cannot rely upon me helping you if you take me out." The case would be quite different if A had called "one Diamond." Then B must show his dislike of the suit by bidding Hearts. This distinction should be recognised. No matter if you are bare of the suit, you should not, if your partner has opened with a bid of three or more of it, take him out into another, unless with such abnormal length and strength in your suit that it looks more likely to be a game winner.

My advice always is—don't bid against your partner unless you must.

. . . . . .

Next week the result of the "Four Weeks' Competition, No. III" will be published, and in the following week a new Competition will commence.

The Nine, the Five, and the Three

You may have heard of wonderful things,
Of elephants' tusks and diamond rings;
But this is a tale surprising to all,
Which relates to a hand, and a marvellous call
In Auction Bridge, and you'll agree,
For he'd only the nine, the five and the three.
His cards were poor, and he wanted the game,
But time after time they'd been the same.
He bid on dummy and nothing more;
Of the first prime trumps great dummy had four.
In clubs there seemed a royal array,
And the two other suits were wonderf'lly gay.
He'd all the best cards in the pack, more or less,
And always was able to make a finesse.
He called on nothing at all, you see,
He'd only the nine, the five and the three.
So this is a moral to all of ye,
To call on the nine, the five and the three.

F. A. N.

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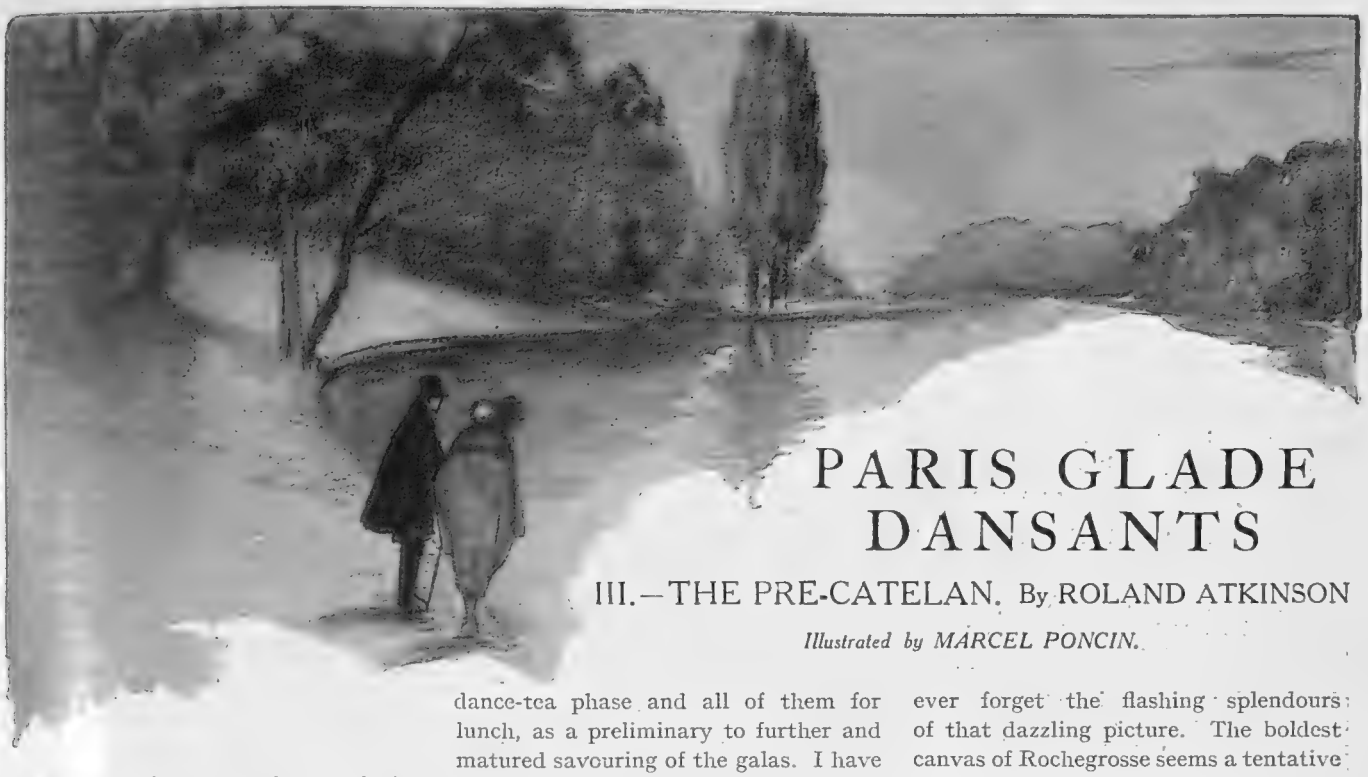

PARIS GLADE DANSANTS

III.—THE PRE-CATELAN. By ROLAND ATKINSON

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN.

THERE is a certain perplexity about dealing with the Pré-Catelan, possibly the best-known of all the captivating restaurants of the Bois de Boulogne. One likes to write of a place at its best. The trouble about the Pré-Catelan is that it seems to have three "bests." I never can make up my mind whether I appreciate most the flawless brilliance of a gala-night, the more informal, but perhaps more vivacious, atmosphere of lunch, or the bewitching *ensemble* of the *thé-dansant*. Recently the Pré-Catelan has become most popular for midday and afternoon dancing, but a gala-night is still worth a journey across the Channel, *fait exprès*.

IN regard to these gala-nights, by the way, the proprietors of these romantic retreats have shown an adaptability that is rare almost to non-existence among rivals. They have agreed that there shall be no clashing. You can sip, or drink deeply as you wish, of their separate joys for four nights in succession, benefiting from the *attractions* of "gala" at each. The series, forming an incomparable long week-end, begins at the Ermitage on Thursday, moves a little nearer to the city at the Pré-Catelan on Friday, still nearer to the gates at Armenonville on Saturday and then swings over to another side at the Château de Madrid on Sunday.

AT the end of that long week-end you wire home for an extension—your imagination will have been sufficiently stimulated to furnish a score of excuses—and start all over again. You will want to try each one of them in the dance-tea phase and all of them for lunch, as a preliminary to further and matured savouring of the galas. I have just parted from a friend whose long week-end became a very near relation to a fortnight. Parenthetically, in reply to a number of correspondents from Yorkshire and other neighbouring localities where forethought benefits from intensive culture, the dinners on gala nights vary from eighty to a hundred and twenty-five francs, according to the rank of the "glade." The present rate of exchange makes such a *festin* an opportunity to view *la vie en rose* almost as a gift.

I HAVE tried to avoid that difficult decision as to when the Pré-Catelan is at its best, but, after a struggle in eliminating excellences, I think the eve of Grand Prix gala out-Catelaned all predecessors. I doubt if anyone who was there on that great night will ever forget the flashing splendours of that dazzling picture. The boldest canvas of Rochegrosse seems a tentative venture in pale pinks and purples by the side of that riotous assembling of the latest vivid caprices of *La Mode*. Some of the Balkan States could have wiped out a big slice of the national debt with the fortunes paid for those breathless frocks, and the pearls would have gone a long way towards meeting the cost of the Channel Tunnel.

"Breathless frocks and pearls"

THE Pré-Catelan is one of those places which look best when there is a crush, and on that night not one of the hundreds of tables revealed a vacant chair. It was one of those warm Venetian nights when every nerve throbs in response to beauty of colour and music, one of those sensuous nights when the Barcarolle from the *Tales of Hoffmann* seem the ideal accompaniment to faltering phrases. And, strangely enough, one of the three bands played it. Two of the bands were American and the other French. It must have been the Latins who translated everybody's unspoken wishes into the appropriate rhythm. I have a firmly founded admiration for "Billy" Arnold, who led the American band on the terrace, and for "Bill" Henley, who conducted the Café de Paris band beneath those glittering crayfish-red and yellow clusters of lights; but I don't think they would have embarked among the languors of the Barcarolle.

THEIR time was dance-time. You can dance either on the terrace, surrounded by flickering fantasies in java yellow and red lights amidst the angelica green of the trees, or inside diamond-sparkling halls. But dancing or dreaming, if you were sensitive to the exquisite, you would ask no more of life.

The Pup's Charter

HOW TO LOWER THE DEATH-RATE

By "THE KENNELMAN"

ROYAL WELSH NATIONAL SHOW at Bridgend to-day (Wednesday), and Bury St. Edmunds, among others, to-morrow.

"We find 'Kennelman's' hints always of practical help," writes a Scots breeder and exhibitor; "and none could be more valuable than the suggestion that all breeders should furnish, with every Puppy sold, a carefully prepared diet sheet, showing precisely how the pup has been, and, for a given number of weeks should be *fed*. Never was sounder advice printed than this."

If that's so, it's pleasing to be able to record, from letters received, that a goodly number of readers are acting on it. Several have been good enough to send along specimens of the dietary sheets they've drawn up for this purpose; some "Roneoed"—if that's the name of the purple process—and a couple quite attractively printed. Production in that form doesn't cost much, and is certainly good.

Consistently carried out, with care and thought in the composition of the draft diet sheet—don't try to save a few lines at the expense of lucidity and helpful detail—the provision of this guide, *with every pup sent out*, and very specially with those straight from the nest, will in the long run benefit breeders and sellers as surely as buyers, *and* the younglings themselves; whose very existence and permanent well-being are so much in the balance at this stage. Remember to anathematise slops, encourage the use of vital pup food, like Saval, and stipulate for 50 per cent. flesh food to 50 farinaceous.

My kennel book-shelves are looking up. They're great pals, are good doggy books. The new volume of the Kennel Club Stud Book—The Dog-man's Bible, as they say—is out now, and is fuller than ever. (Apply to the Secretary of the K.C., 84, Piccadilly.) No less welcome, for the big public, as well as the expert, that modern classic among Dog stories, *Finn, the Wolfhound*, is once again available, the long-sought new edition, with all the jolly old pre-War pictures and end-papers, having been issued at last, and, praise the pigs, at the pre-War price, so that one can afford to be fairly liberal with this choicest of gifts for doggy folk, and young people of all ages, lovers of animals and out-of-doors. It's a royal yarn, if only because its drama is so *pucca* and true to life., and it should never again be out of print.

Mention of the Stud-Book reminds me that England will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of its Field Trials next year. From 10 to 20 years later began those of Germany, the Netherlands and France. The number held in France is very large.

Having regard to the hysterical climatic vagaries of the present season, it's hardly surprising that one hears a lot about rheumatic troubles among both big and little Dogs; but it's worth remembering that, both in causes and treatment, dietary has a very direct, often almost startling, effect upon canine rheumatic affections—more important than any drug.

That excellent journal, *Our Dogs*, reports that the legal status of Dogs, for purposes of taxation and the like, has remained unaltered in Alsace-Lorraine ever since 1885; rather an interesting point. They are placed in three categories: pleasure, sport, and work; and the minimum tax now is 40 francs yearly.

Your Dog will love them too!

This charming photograph was sent to us by a regular purchaser of Melox Dog Foods—her little dog is expressing in a delightful way his keen desire for the dainty Melox biscuits. Give *your* dog the foods that *all* dogs love and thrive on—

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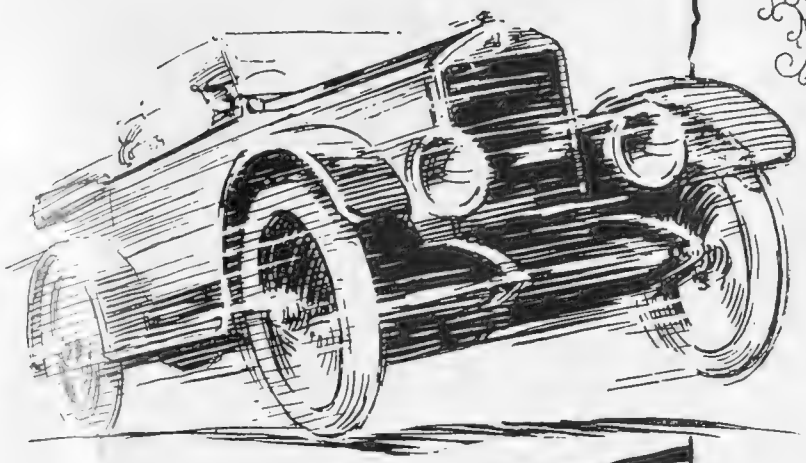

When a car manufacturer gives a speed guarantee you can depend upon the car being capable of fulfilling it—in suitable conditions.

One of the most important conditions naturally is the use of the right petrol.

Racing motorists recognise this. That is why they employ "BP" to help them to win trophies and break records. They know from experience that nothing else will give the same results.

Consequently, all the highest speeds this season are being made on "BP", amongst the most recent achievements being that of Mr. J. Parry Thomas, who on May 22nd covered, with flying start, five miles in 2 min. 26.51 sec. and ten miles in 4 min. 58.26 sec., and made the astonishing lap speed of 124.12 miles per hour.

What "BP" is doing for the racing motorist it will do for you. Try it and see what a wonderful difference it makes in acceleration, speed and power.

You can do it easily on

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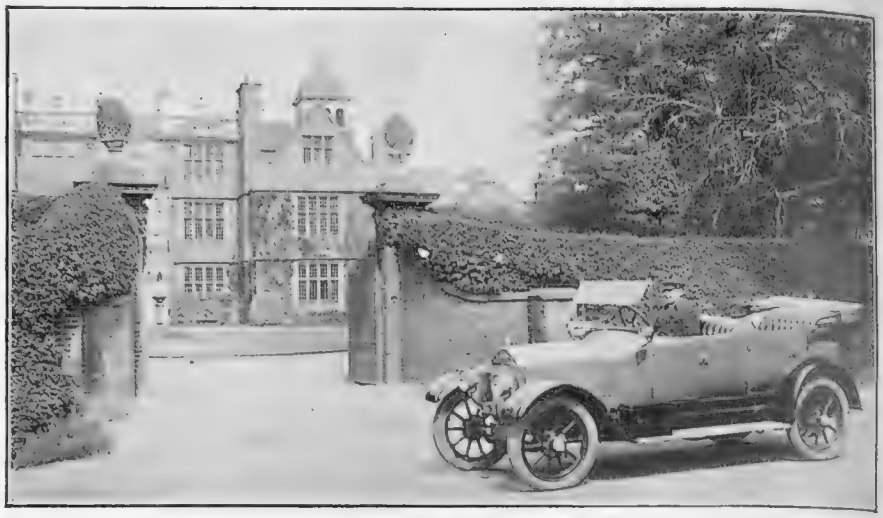
MOTOR NOTES

USERS of low-pressure tyres on their cars will welcome the informative particulars recently issued by the Royal Automobile Club in regard to a certificate of performance made by a set of Dunlop cord balloon tyres, fitted on a six-cylinder A.C. car. The trial lasted two days, and excluding the stoppage overnight, the total time during which the car remained stationary was fifty-four and a quarter minutes. A busy two days for all concerned. A total distance of 1559.6 miles was covered at an average speed during the running time of 67.41 miles an hour. A welcome change to the twenty miles an hour road tests usually recorded by the Club, which convey scant information to motorists who drive much faster than legal limits on most occasions. After the end of the run the average thickness of each of the four treads varied from 14.25 mm. to 17.06 mm., compared with an average thickness of an unused Dunlop balloon cord tyre of 19.62 mm. This shows that high speeds on the Brooklands track did very little hurt to the treads, for what tyres would not show a loss of 4 mm. thickness of rubber after 1559.6 miles at that pace? Also it is a splendid performance of the Dunlop balloon cord tyre and puts away any doubt that these tyres are not equally economical, while giving far better comfort than the highly inflated tyre.



IN WARWICKSHIRE

A glimpse of Castle Bromwich Hall, the Birmingham residence of Lord Bradford. The car in the foreground is one of the Wolseley "Fifteen" touring models which have recently been reduced in price to £575

THE Junior Car Club hold their 200 miles race at Brooklands in September. The Alvis won the race last year, and one of these cars appeared at Shelsley Walsh hill climb, but was so fast at the corner that it skidded, turned round, bumped the bank, startled the spectators, and buckled a wheel, besides generally deflating a tyre or two. But I must be careful in alluding to Junior Car Club matters as I appear to have offended the Secretary and the Council by my remarks about their ten-lap handicap at Brooklands in the May 28th issue. I then stated that the officials were amateurs who did the lap checking. I am sorry I made an error, for according to the letter I have received from the "Hon. Gen. Secretary," they were not. But our only "Ebby" and the other genial professional timekeepers are only too glad to have the Press checking the lap circuits when a large number of cars are circling the track, so I know he and they would be the last to cavil at my suggestion that "there was no Pressman near enough at the winning-post to keep the lap score," as often he and others of his precise profession have appealed to the Press in moments of doubt on various points of this nature. "What's the number?" is often supplied by the

(Continued on page 245B)

LANCHESTER

IN Coachbuilding, as in Automobile Engineering, the name Lanchester is synonymous with excellence of craftsmanship. The Car illustrated is a 40 H.P. 6-cylinder 7-seat Three-quarter Landaulet, graceful and dignified in appearance and luxuriously comfortable; it represents a combination of the Coachbuilders' and Engineers' arts at their best. Our new illustrated catalogue contains a comprehensive range of 40 H.P. Models. We shall be pleased to send you a copy.

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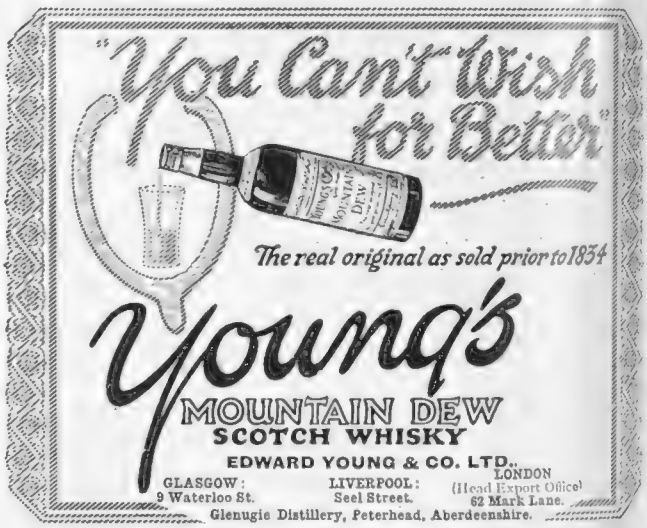

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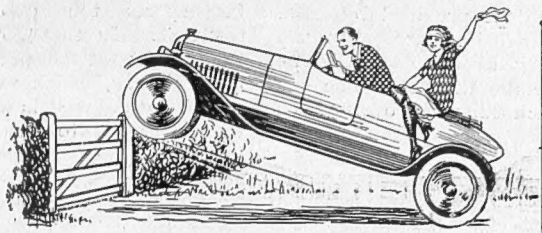

A FREE GIFT

to

BYSTANDER MOTORISTS

To every purchaser of a 5-gallon drum of STERNOL OIL, not only do we give a free brass tap, but also, for a limited period, we are presenting a 2-lb. tin of our best STERNOL YELLOW CUP GREASE.

HOW TO OBTAIN THE GIFT.

All that is necessary for you to do is to write us, quoting the number on a drum of Sternol Oil purchased from your usual garage, and per return we will forward you, free of charge and carriage paid, the 2-lb. tin of Sternol Yellow Cup Grease, the finest pure oil lubricant made.

(Please state whether medium or stiff grease is required, the latter being the consistency for grease gun lubrication.)

Should you experience any difficulty in obtaining the 5-gallon decorated drum of Sternol Oil, to which is fitted the free brass tap, please fill in the coupon and remit us 30/-, when we will see that you are supplied immediately with the drum of Oil and also the presentation 2-lb. tin of Sternol Yellow Cup Grease.

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(Please rule through either "stiff" or "medium").

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WEMBLEY

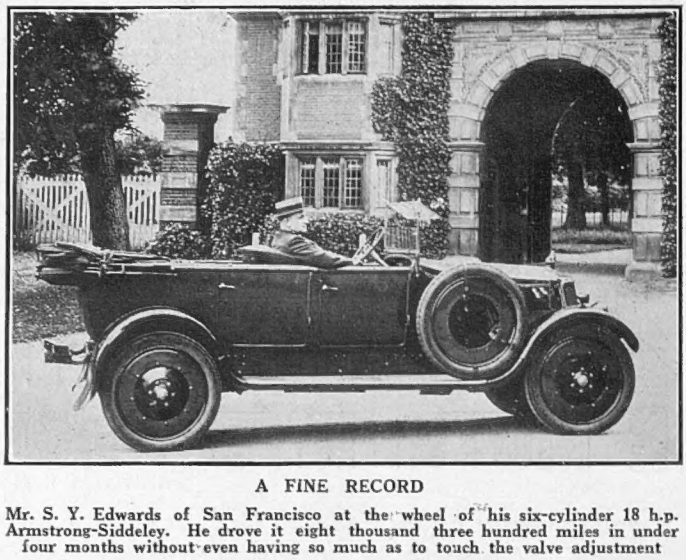
We are the official suppliers of Lubricants for all plant in the Palace of Engineering, British Empire Exhibition.

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

spectator. But Mr. Hon. Gen. Secretary, I am afraid I cannot see you reporting a long race without checking the laps as part of your proper work—if you know that sort of work—so, please, put away from your mind and that of your Council that it is not the regular job of such Pressmen who write about motor races. But, there, I was only chaffing you before, and did not mean to hurt your susceptibilities, and I am the last person in the world not to be satisfied with the Judge's decision. You can all be "pros" and not amateurs if you choose, but you must expect criticism whatever you are if you wish such events reported.

* * *

Two of the competitors in the M.C.C. London to Edinburgh race used the new motor fuel "Pynol" with excellent results, as both were awarded gold medals. Both also were amateurs, one driving a two-seater 11.4 h.p. Standard, with an average mileage of 41 3-8ths miles per gallon, as compared with the average consumption of petrol at 35 miles for the gallon. The other, who drove an 8 h.p. B.S.A. combination, averaged 70 miles per gallon, against his usual 45-50 miles per gallon on other fuel. It is stated that "Pynol" will be available to motorists at a price lower than petrol in the near future, while these drivers paid testimony to the flexibility, smooth running, and pulling powers of their engines when using it. With racing cars running on "Discol," and the special dope provided by BP., I am glad another fuel has arrived to give economy to the general motorists. The more fuels there are the better one can choose that which suits his own engine the best.



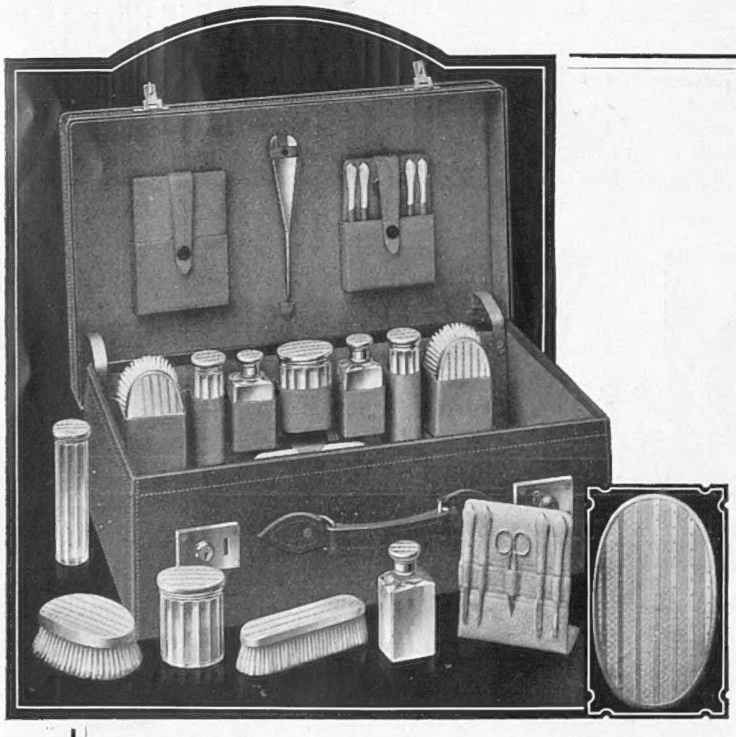
A FINE RECORD

Mr. S. Y. Edwards of San Francisco at the wheel of his six-cylinder 18 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley. He drove it eight thousand three hundred miles in under four months without even having so much as to touch the valve adjustment

As is well-known, the 20-70 h.p. Crossley sports model is sold with a guaranteed speed of 75 miles per hour. At the last Brooklands meeting, Mr. L. Cushman won the 90 miles per hour Short handicap at an average speed of 79¼ miles per hour for the 5¾ miles of the race. Here is positive proof that the guarantee can be fulfilled without difficulty, and it shows what a fast sports touring car this Crossley really is. In that race this car lapped the circuit at 88 miles an hour with its big body, which won the admiration of the enthusiasts in the Paddock, as a wished-for 'bus to own.

* * *

Out of fifty-three new-type aeroplanes listed in the catalogue of the firms building aircraft in England, twenty-seven machines have Napier engines fitted in them; there being 25 per cent. more Napiers than any other form of power unit. The Napier engine is the popular make for the airbus due no doubt to its reliability, high horse-power developed to give speed, and its economy of fuel consumption. In a few weeks' time the glider trials will show what improvements have been made in the aerial roundabouts, the two-seater 'plane with the developed motor-cycle air-cooled engine. Once the landing speed is brought down to a low rate, flying will become as popular with our sporting youth as the fast motor-car is to-day. Then small single-seated or double-seated light aeroplanes will take the place of the small car, and no doubt further help to change our old habits as much as the motor-car did twenty years ago. This reads something like a prophecy. I wonder if I shall live to see it fulfilled! OLD HY.



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Current Models will be continued in 1925

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FIAT

CAMERA NOTES

BEACH PHOTOGRAPHY

FROM several points of view, photography on the seashore is photography at its very easiest. With such open scenes and such an abundance of reflected light, the shortest of exposures are usually sufficient; not merely does the most simply equipped camera become capable of yielding excellent results, but with the lens well stopped down and the shutter working at a fast speed the difficulties of using a high-grade camera are reduced to a minimum.

To be successful, beach snapshots must suggest, in their delicate gradations of tone and their transparent shadows, something of the soft brilliance of the original scene. Though in some degrees a question of colour values, the capture of this sense of lightness depends mainly on exposure and development. The exposure must be generous; just sufficient to give an appreciable deposit of silver in even the deepest shadows of the subject. But the real crux of the matter lies in soft development, so that the densest deposits of the negative are thin enough to print out in their full gradation of pearly half-tones.

Suitable Lightings for Beach Scenes

THIS special charm of beach scenes is, further, best secured under a softer lighting than the full glare of the noonday sun, preferably in the sunlight of early morning or late afternoon, or, failing that, the diffused light of a somewhat dull and cloudy mid-day. A lighting of this sort is almost essential for open beach scenes; but when the subject has its main feature in a near foreground figure, as in bathing scenes or figure studies, excellent results may be gained, even in brilliant sunlight, by choosing one's standpoint so that the sunlight falls upon the subject from well to one side or even from behind the subject. In the latter case it must be borne in mind that, the subject presenting its shadowed side to the camera, a very much longer exposure is required than under a normal direct lighting.

THE HARBOUR, OSTEND

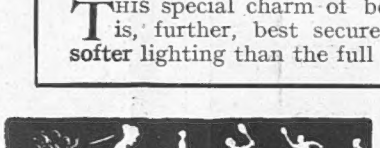
Bathing Scenes

IN beach scenes which include figures, success depends largely on the skill with which the photographer chooses his view-point and his moment of exposure. Bathing scenes, for instance, demand a quick perception of the favourable moment, and an almost unconscious decision as to whether an eye-level or waist-level view-point will give the most pleasing arrangement of the figures in relation to the lines of the beach and horizon.

A Noteworthy Production

THE new pictorial booklet of Goerz cameras is a revelation in artistic catalogue-making. A booklet so tastefully illustrated and so interestingly descriptive cannot fail to charm the reader, and proves a most convincing witness to the high quality of Goerz products; it is worth the notice of all hand-camera users, and is obtainable from Messrs. Peeling and Van Neck, Ltd., 4-6, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.1.

T. L. J. BENTLEY



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